

No. 18

# The Graphic



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# Geraldine Farrar

who opens the new aristocratic photo-dramatic play house, this

Saturday, Dec. 15

in a superb portrayal of a woman who, with far-flung daring, sacrificed her family, nation and people for the love of one man and thereby became

“The Woman  
God  
Forgot”

DIRECTED BY CECIL B. DE MILLE  
FROM THE STORY BY JEANIE MACPHERSON

**KINEMA** THEATER  
GRAND AVENUE AT SEVENTH

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## SOCIAL CALENDAR

*Announcements of engagements, births, marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 424 South Broadway. Phones, A4482 or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.*

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### ENGAGEMENTS

THOMPSON—BISELL. Miss Pauline Thompson of Columbus, Ohio, to Mr. Alden N. Bissell, son of Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Bissell of Pomona. Mr. Bissell is associated with the Armour company in Chicago and is enlisted with a special company of the quarter master's corps, U. S. A. No date has been named as yet for the wedding.

HEWITT—DE WITT. Miss Margaret Hewitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Hewitt of Des Moines, Iowa to Mr. Rumley de Witt of Pasadena.

RICHARDS—RALPHS. Miss Ava C. Richards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Richards, to Mr. Albert George Ralphs, son of the late Mr. George A. Ralphs and Mrs. Ralphs of Hollywood. Mr. Ralphs is a member of the 6th company of the coast artillery. The engagement was announced at a large party given at the Regent apartments.

CARTER—WHITTINGTON. Miss Louise E. Carter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carter of West Twenty-eighth street, Los Angeles, to Mr. Wayne C. Whittington, son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Whittington of Los Angeles. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

FISHER—FINKENSTEIN. Miss Horstense Fisher, daughter of Mrs. Haidee Fisher of San Francisco, to Mr. Maury J. Finkenstein of Los Angeles. The bridegroom elect is one of the prominent young attorneys of Los Angeles. The wedding will take place in San Francisco on New Year's Day, at the Palace Hotel, with Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin of Los Angeles officiating.

MILLER—BRUNDRED. Miss Jean Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leverett Miller of San Diego, will be married Tuesday, December 18 to Captain Latham Loomis Brundred U. S. A. The wedding will take place in St. Paul's Church in San Diego.

### WEDDINGS

TRYON—YALE. November 16, Miss Elizabeth G. Tryon and Mr. Charles Yale of Pasadena. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents in Minneapolis, Minn.

DEVINE—FLAGG. November 28, Miss Bertha Eugenia Devine, daughter of Mrs. Emma Devine of Santa Barbara and Mr. Earle Flagg. The marriage took place at the home of the bride's mother.

LIVESEY—GREEN. December 1, Miss Ruth Livesey of New London, Conn., and Ensign Charles Keith Green, both formerly of Los Angeles. The wedding was solemnized at the Collegiate church of St. Nicholas, in New York City and culminates a romance which had its beginning when the two young people attended school in this city.

TODD—MURRAY. November 27, Miss Davina Todd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Todd of Whittier and Mr. Verl Murray of El Modena, star Whittier college athlete. The marriage was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents. Following a honeymoon trip the young people will reside in Whittier.

HART D'ACUNTO. Mrs. Jane Hart of Los Angeles and Baron Anthony d'Acunto of San Francisco. The marriage took place Thanksgiving Day. The bride formerly resided at 315 South Serrano avenue. Baron d'Acunto of the Barony Veitri of Sorrento, Italy is a wealthy broker of the northern city. Baron and Baroness d'Acunto plan a trip to Italy after the war.

GALLINGER—WELLMAN. Miss Gretchen Gallinger of Los Angeles and Mr. Wayne Wellman, formerly of Los Angeles also. The marriage took place in New York City, where the young people will temporarily make their home.

PEDERSON—MCKEEVER. November 29, in San Francisco, Miss Mabel Pederson of Los Angeles and Captain M. L. McKeever, formerly of Los Angeles, who is now an aviation instructor at Berkeley.

POWERS—MCCARTY. Miss Mary Gertrude Powers, daughter of Mrs. N. A. Powers of West Colorado street, Glendale, and Mr. Robert Michael McCarty. The marriage was solemnized Tuesday, November 27 at the Holy Catholic Church in Glendale. Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's mother. Mr. and Mrs. McCarty will enjoy an extended wedding trip and upon their return will make their home in Los Angeles.

ALLEN—WOOL. Miss Edna Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davis of Los Angeles and Mr. Charles Wool, also of this city. The marriage took place Thanksgiving evening at the home of the bride's parents and following a brief honeymoon trip Mr. and Mrs. Wool will return to Los Angeles where they will make their home.

BROWN—BEESEMYER. Miss Marguerite L. Brown and Dr. N. Louis Beesemyer. The marriage was celebrated at Riverside Saturday afternoon, December 1, with the Rev. John M. Hegarty of St. Francis church officiating. The bride is a niece of Mrs. J. C. Heinz of South Alvarado street, Los Angeles. Dr. Beesemyer is a first lieutenant in the Dental Reserve Corps.

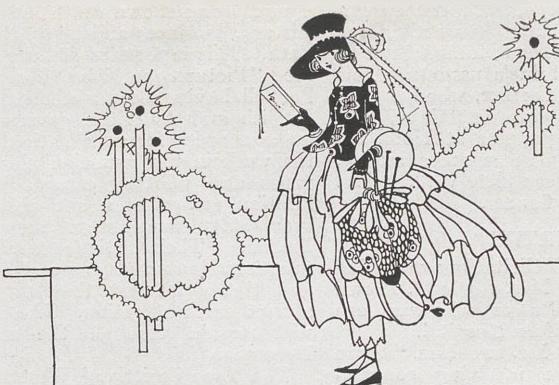
BARBOUR—LEOY. Miss Katherine Barbour, daughter of Mrs. Joseph H. Barbour of West Twenty-second street, Los Angeles, and Lieutenant James Leovy of San Diego. The marriage took place last Thursday evening at the home of the bride's mother, with the Rev. George Davidson of St. John's Episcopal church reading the service.

JOHNSON—BRADBURY. Miss Alice Johnson, to Major John C. Bradbury, Monday evening, December 3. Major and Mrs. Bradbury left for Camp Cody the latter part of last week where the former is stationed.

NORTON—PHELPS. Miss Grace Norton of Wendel, Arizona, and Lieutenant H. K. Phelps. The marriage took place in St. Stephens church, Hollywood, December 1, with the Rev. J. Arthur Evans officiating. Lieutenant Phelps won his commission at Camp Lewis. Lieutenant Phelps and his bride left for New York City, there to await orders for the young officer to sail for France.

MELVILLE—CROCKER. Miss Katherine Melville, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Melville of Hollywood, to Mr. Jay W. Crocker. The marriage service was read Tuesday evening, December 4, at the home of the bride's parents, the Rev. J. Arthur Evans, rector of St. Stephens Episcopal church officiating. Following a wedding trip, which will include Coronado and San Francisco, Mr. Crocker and his bride will return to make their home in Los Angeles.

GONZALES—WATT. Miss Myrtle Gonzalez to Captain Allen Watt. The marriage took place Saturday December 1. Captain and Mrs. Watt left a few days later for Camp Lewis, where they will await further orders for Captain Watt.



### Gifts for Christmas Giving

At Little's you will find it easy to select Xmas gifts without worry.

Here you are surrounded by suggestions of beauty that are always appreciated—and there are Christmas Cards galore, unequalled for beauty, quality and price—you will enjoy a visit to this artistic shop.

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Christmas  
Cards

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Our  
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**COTTEE—COVINGTON.** Miss Edith Mae Cottee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan C. Cottee of San Diego, to Captain Joseph I. Covington, U. S. A. The wedding was an event of December 5, taking place at the home of the bride's parents. This gallant young Southerner, who has just recently received his captaincy, has been exceedingly popular at Hotel del Coronado during the summer season, and no affair was complete without him and his attractive fiancee.

**BIRTHS**

November 20. Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Arvin H. Brown upon the arrival of a son, who was born at the Good Samaritan Hospital.

November 20. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Cortelyou, are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a welcome son, arriving at the Good Samaritan Hospital.

November 20. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Clinton Seeley of 2642 Kenwood avenue are rejoicing over the birth of a wee daughter, whose recent advent into their home is the cause for the many felicitations of their friends.

**BRUNSWIG.** Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brunswig are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a wee daughter, who was born at the Good Samaritan Hospital Thanksgiving Day.

**MILLS.** Mr. and Mrs. William L. Mills of West Forty-first place are rejoicing over the arrival of a small daughter, born Sunday, December 2, and who is to bear the name of her maternal grandmother, Doris Ellen.

**RECEPTIONS, DANCES, ETC.**

Tuesday, December 11, the University Book club will meet with the Pico Heights and Cahuenga Book Clubs at the Cahuenga branch library. At this time plans will be completed for the annual Christmas party given by the University Book club, some time during the month.

December 13. Charity Ball, with specialties and other features, to be given by the Uplifters of the Los Angeles Athletic Club at Shrine Auditorium, Thursday evening. This annual charity entertainment, this year, will be given for the benefit of the Children's Department of the Graves Memorial Dispensary.

Thursday, December 13, the Drama section of the Hollywood Woman's Club will meet at 10:30 o'clock. Mrs. H. B. Cook will read *The Cherry Orchard*, by Chekhov.

December 13 and 14. Red Cross days at Ebell Club.

Friday, December 14. A Red Cross benefit bazaar will be held at the Garden Court apartments in Hollywood, the afternoon and evening of December 14.

December 14. At Ebell Club House, at 10:00 A. M. two short plays by Students of Dramatic Art of Los Angeles Junior College, "The Six Who Pass While The Lentils Boil," by Stuart Walker, and, "The Tents of The Arabs," by Lord Dunsany.

December 17. Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin, will be the speaker at the Women's City Club, calling attention to Wartime Christmas Spirit.

December 17. Mrs. Minnie Sweet Muchmore, Dean of Women Decorators in New York City and First President of the Pen and Brush Club, will speak at the Ebell Club on "The Furniture of the Home in History." Afternoon Tea.

December 22. Christmas Dinner-Dance at Midwick Country Club.

December 31. New Year's Eve Dinner-Dance at Midwick Country Club.

December 31. At Ebell Club House, at two o'clock, a Children's Party. Children of Ebell and guests are urged to bring contributions of money and gifts for the Children's Hospital and Neighborhood Settlement.

Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays in December, with the exception of Christmas Week, at 1:30 P. M. at the Ebell Club House, Surgical Dressing class under Mrs. Orville O. Witherbee.

**ART**

December 17-31. Magazine covers, calendars and greeting cards with a prize competition; Art Alliance of America, 10 East Forty-seventh Street, New York.

A very beautiful and interesting exhibition of the work of Joseph Pennell is now being shown at the Museum of History, Science and Art, Exposition Park. This is a series of lithographs of the "Picturesque War Work", Mr. Pennell having been authorized by the English and American governments to make a series for each nation, showing the work in the munition plants, navy yards and military camps. The exhibition comprises about one hundred proofs, fifty American and the remainder British. Their artistic merit is unquestionable and they are of such vital and timely interest that they should attract much attention. The exhibition will remain through the month of December.

The Taos Society of Western Artists will have a display of paintings at the Kanst Art Gallery during the month of January. Mr. Blumenschein, who recently received a medal and a \$1,000 cash prize in Chicago, will have a number of paintings hung, as will Mr. E. Irving Couse.

**MUSIC**

Dec 11, Tuesday eve., Eugene Ysaye, violinist. Trinity Auditorium.

Dec. 12, Wednesday eve., Women's Orchestra Blanchard Hall.

Dec. 13, Thursday eve., Harold Bauer, Pianist. Trinity Auditorium.

Dec. 14, Friday eve., Lyric Club. Trinity Auditorium.

Dec. 15, Saturday Matinee, Eugene Ysaye, Trinity Auditorium.

Dec. 18, Tuesday eve., Josef Rosenfield, Violinist; May MacDonald Hope, Pianist; Chas. Henri de la Platte, Bassoon. Blanchard Hall.

Dec. 19, Wednesday Matinee, Eugene Ysaye (with Teachers' Association) Shrine Auditorium.

Dec. 21, Friday afternoon at 1:30, Music Section of So. Cal. Teachers' Institute. Program by faculty of College of Music under auspices of So. Cal. Pub. School Music Teachers' Assn. Polytechnic High School.

January 5. Philharmonic Concert Trinity Auditorium. Maud Powell, Violinist.

January 15. Philharmonic Concert Trinity Auditorium. Emilio de Gogorza, Baritone.

January 18. Piano Recital by May MacDonald Hope at Blanchard Hall at 8:15 P. M.

January 19. Philharmonic Concert Trinity Auditorium. Emilio de Gogorza, Baritone.

January 22. Philharmonic Concert Trinity Auditorium. Leopold Godowsky, Pianist.

January 31. Philharmonic Concert Trinity Auditorium. Reinhard Werrenrath, Baritone.

**GOLF**

Midwick Country Club men's golf events: Club cup every Saturday; Ball Sweepstakes every Wednesday.

Midwick Country Club Saturday night dinner dances every Saturday evening during December.

December 25. The first big golf event of the San Gabriel Country Club will take place Christmas day and will be a tourney staged for the Christmas cup.

December 29, 30, 31 and January 1. Coronado Country Club 36 Holes Medal Play. Cup to winner of low score under handicap; cup to winner of low gross score.

January 19. Coronado Country Club Match play against par. Silver cups to winners.

January 1 to April 1. Coronado Country Club Under handicap. Weekly competition for bona fide guests of Hotel del Coronado. Silver cup to winner of each weekly competition.

**TENNIS**

December 24. National Indoor Jr. Championship, Seventh Regiment T. C., N. Y.

December 29. A mixed doubles tennis tournament will be staged at the Midwick Country Club Saturday, December 29. Tea will be served after the tourney. Mr. Harold O. Ayer is in charge of the affair.

December 29. At 1:30 P. M. at Midwick Country Club Mixed Double Round Robin Invitation Tennis Tournament. Special Tennis Tea after the games.

# THIS IS A YEAR FOR Useful Christmas Gifts

—Here is a Partial List of the Useful Christmas Gifts offered in this Store

## For Men

- Dress shirts
- Silk shirts
- Silk hose
- Silk house coats
- Gloves
- Neckwear
- Silk night shirts
- Silk pajamas
- Silver buckle belts
- House coats and lounging robes
- Silk handkerchiefs
- Linen handkerchiefs
- Dress and Tuxedo vests
- Silk suspenders
- Full dress and day mufflers
- Plain or silver trimmed canes
- Sweaters
- Cuff buttons
- Full dress jewelry
- Cowhide suit cases
- Leather-lined traveling bags
- Fitted toilet cases
- Military brushes
- Card cases
- Clothes brushes
- Bill folds
- Whisk brooms
- Thermos bottles
- Shaving mirrors
- Smoking stands
- Desk sets
- Auto lunch kits

## For Women

- Silk hosiery
- Silk blouses
- Kaysersilk underwear
- Fox and other furs
- Trimmed hats
- Silks, satins and velvets
- Handkerchiefs
- Art goods
- Suit cases
- Leather hand bags
- Over-nite bags
- Cedar chests
- Mahogany tea wagons
- Work tables
- Spinet desks
- Sweaters
- A handsome corset
- Bed comforts
- Silk negligees
- "Du Barry" ivory toilet articles
- Cameo brooches, pendants, bar pins and lavallieres
- Solid gold jewelry
- Castilian jewelry
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- Day-time coats
- Damask table linen sets
- Linen towels
- Bath robes
- Brassieres
- Padded house jackets
- Silk petticoats

# N. B. Blackstone Co.

Broadway at Ninth

LOS ANGELES

# The Graphic

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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### Publishers' Announcement

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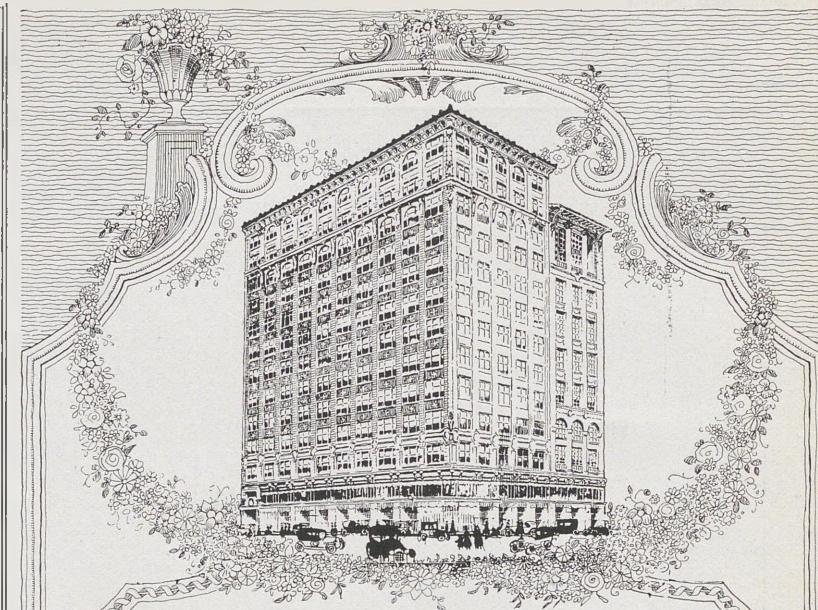
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 J. J. Haggerty

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Every Other Woman Would  
Rather Have for Christmas—*

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—Special sales—low prices—and holiday cheer are splendidly combined in these pre-Christmas days at this fine new store.

—There is no better time than now to come to the Style Shop—Seventh at Grand Avenue.



Serge Frock that is correctly youthful and smart—  
trimmed with contrasting braid and buttons—novel  
hip pockets—  
In colors of brown and navy ————— \$22.50



Afternoon Gown of Kitten's Ear Satin in tone of  
Deerskin combined with Belgian Blue Georgette  
—Embroidered motif in Oriental coloring lends pleasing  
contrast ————— \$40.50



Serge Frock that is very demure, with novel pocket  
and collar arrangements—braid and button trim-  
med. An inexpensive yet modish frock of navy,  
brown, black or green serge ————— \$12.50



Serge Frock—and what more suitable for the winsome miss than a simple frock of serge?—Sailor  
collared, braid and button trimmed.  
Navy and brown ————— \$19.50

Into that New Section  
at Bullock's

—Have come tripping the New Fashions of Wintertime—and they are captivating—

—Really no other word seems to fit so well—into the New Style Section for Misses they have come—the New Style Section that is concentrating with heart, and mind, and hands upon its work—and that is making its work count in a most unusual SERVICE—

—There isn't another section like it anywhere that we know, taking everything into consideration—

—Won't you visit it and see these New Dancing and Party Frocks; these Afternoon and Reception Gowns; these study room and street frocks; these suits and coats that are so notably well tailored and designed especially for the High School Maid—the College Miss—the Debutante?

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Burella Suit—a strictly tailored model, youthful in  
line and very chic—May be had in tones of gray,  
wine and navy.  
Will give exceptional service ————— \$25.00

**Bullock's**  
LOS ANGELES

# The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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G. Edwin Williams

## MRS. DONALD STENT SIMPSON

A charming leader of the younger married set of Los Angeles, and one of Southern California's most beautiful women. As a popular debutante, Mrs. Simpson's marriage a few short seasons ago proved an event of auspicious interest and she was the recipient of a busy round of pre-nuptial entertaining. At present she is one of the host of patriotic workers and social gaieties are temporarily abandoned for more serious interests



## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THIS MEANINGLESS BABBLE about the politicians or statesmen of the Entente Allies fixing the terms of peace for the war is as futile as the gibbering of apes by the Dead Sea. The terms of more than one surrender were written on drum-heads on the field of battle. The ARMIES of the Entente Allies are going to settle this war. If anyone thinks the men comprising these armies—men drawn from every rank and profession in life—are going to submit to any dictation in this matter, they would do well to put such thoughts in cold storage at once. Never again! There will never be another similar war to follow this one, with the sons of the present soldiers to wade through blood as their fathers have waded; there will be no more wholesale violation of women and young girls, no fiends incarnate let loose upon unoffending countries again. Never again! Why bother about this microbe, Lansdowne? Why argue as to what Lloyd-George thinks, able and patriotic as he is? Listen! The terms of this peace may possibly be formulated by the so-called statesmen. But they will be carried to the men who are leading and directing the armies of the Entente Allies in the field. They will be delivered to these men by the statesmen, and the statesmen will have their hats in their hands when they deliver the peace proposals. And the generals and leaders of the forces will go, helmets in hand, and submit these proposals to the ARMIES. And the ARMIES, and not the statesmen, nor even the generals, will decide on the terms. If you cannot divine this—if you do not know this—you have missed the very essence and marrow of the problem of peace, as it concerns the present colossal world struggle.

ART IS LONG, and time is fleeting. The time to instil a love for pictures in the human breast is when that breast is young and tender. The plastic days of childhood furnish the real period of artistic beginnings so far as a genuine passion for the beautiful is concerned, notwithstanding a few instances of matured development along those lines. To get a child interested in pictures is an easy task; and it is, at the commencement, just as simple a matter to interest the child's attention in the best the world of art or nature affords. It is a waste of money and trouble to force the study of drawing or painting on a child who regards such studies with absolute aversion. But even the children who do not wish to study art may be pleased and attracted by being brought into familiar contact with oils, etchings, water colors, pastels, engravings, etc., of a high class. The effect of such an intimate companionship is certain to improve the taste, culture and spirituality of the child, and is, in itself no, inconsiderable part of a liberal education.

COMPARISONS WILL UNDOUBTEDLY be made by succeeding American historians between Abraham Lincoln, Republican, and Woodrow Wilson, Democrat—each at the helm of state during a

great national crisis. There will be many a fine distinction drawn, and much special pleading brought forward to prove one or the other the greater man. Lincoln's sphinx-like silence during the emancipation excitement will be matched with Wilson's patience at the time of the sinking of the Lusitania. Each will have his admirers and champions. The world will know that both of them were great men, and will know, also, that when President Wilson declared war there was, for once, no North, no South, no East, no West, but welded into a vast and harmonious whole a real UNITED STATES.

THE GOVERNING POWERS of American colleges, while giving their teachers and professors ample latitude in the way of personal opinion, have drawn the line sharply as regards any criticism of the entry of the United States into the war. Resignations have been demanded and obtained in a number of cases where members of a faculty have shown a tendency to wander from the fold of true Americanism. This is strictly and logically right on the part of the powers that be. An American professor, teaching in an American institution of learning, enjoying his liberty by grace of American protection, and paid a salary to instruct American scholars, has both a public and a private trust to fulfill. If he is not with the United States in this war, he is for Germany, and his place is not in the colleges, nor on the lecture platform expounding pacifist doctrines, but in the internment camps.

RODIN IS DEAD. The great French sculptor was as famous a fighter as he was a genius. For half a century he battled against criticism, neglect and poverty—the three keenest incentives to many a man of supreme artistic talent. And Rodin triumphed at the last. His seventy-seven years were rounded out with both national and international honors showered thickly upon him. Had he lived a week longer, he would have been elected a member of the Academy of Fine Arts; dying, he had already entered the valley of the immortals.

### BALLADE OF FIDELITY TO POETRY

**S**ELF-LOVING and self-glorious we write:  
"For me the sack containing wealth untold;  
I wish to eat and drink with appetite.  
Can any man my share from me with-hold?  
Lion am I. To me my dole of gold".  
The gods have passed away and Mirth is dead.  
Art has declined. The Muse has perished,  
Or flies bare-breasted from each chilling breath.  
And is it you, my Mistress, that has said:  
"Why do I live?" For love of laurel wreath.

O Pierian One! O child of Fancy-flight!  
Fine verse like Pollio's do you still hold?  
Go to the mart and there sell your prose trite.  
E'en now must well be sung Troy's tale twice-told.  
This failing you, seek out some scrivener old.  
Enchantresses no more the green hills tread,  
And long ago has virgin Dian fled  
That ran so swift her harriers o'er the heath.  
Where go we Lyre ivy-garnished?  
Why do I live? For love of laurel wreath.

And ivory-throated Galatea white,  
Each morning to Pygmalion said cold:  
"To learn to love your rough black beard I might;  
Though fault I find with galleon's treasure-hold.  
An age material has made me bold.  
You have no gold? My tenderness is sped,  
And there's a price upon my lips so red".  
Sacred is naught that lies the sun beneath.  
For mother's milk is tiger's milk instead.  
Why do I live? For love of laurel wreath.

### l'envoi

**T**HIS age of iron dry with dust has bled,  
And sulls Euterpe's tresses burnished.  
My heart has heart of laborer for sheath,  
Unlike those hearts that in Greece flourished.  
Why do I live? For love of laurel wreath.

(Translated from the French of Theodore de Banville by William van Wyck)

# BY THE WAY

IT isn't every young man who is so fortunate as to win a commission and a bride at the same time, but this is the proud achievement of Lieutenant Thomas A. J. Dockweiler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Isidore B. Dockweiler of Los Angeles. Less than a fortnight ago Lieutenant Dockweiler was given his commission as first lieutenant in the Signal Officers Reserve Corps, Aviation section, at the conclusion of his training at the Presidio. Immediately following his return to Los Angeles it was announced that yet another title had been won by the young officer and that he would join the ranks of the benedicts. His engagement to Miss Katherine Stearns, one of the most popular members of Los Angeles' younger set was made known and plans for the wedding, an event of today, were hurriedly made, since Lieutenant Dockweiler momentarily awaits his country's call to active service. Incidentally, winning titles and ranks and commissions is quite a hobby of this clever young soldier-lawyer, so that the announcement that he had won the attractive daughter of Colonel and Mrs. John E. Stearns as his bride, but followed as a natural and crowning achievement. He is a native son, this brilliant young officer, and a graduate of the High School Department of St. Vincent's College, and then received his Bachelor of Arts degree from The University of Notre Dame in 1912. Three years later he was given his Juris Doctor degree by the University of California at Berkeley. He became associated with his father in Los Angeles, until he entered the Officers Training Camp at the Presidio. Prior to that Lieutenant Dockweiler was an active member of the social service commission in Los Angeles, was president of the Democratic League. Among his other diverse interests he is a member of the British Astronomical Association. Lieutenant Dockweiler has been assigned to San Antonio for further training, and his bride will accompany him to the South pending his further orders.

## GOOD TASTE SUCCEEDS

M R. Harry L. Harris, Junior member of the firm of Harris & Frank, has builded for himself and for his house, fame and success by reason of good taste in dress—in women's dress at that. Mr. Harris is the merchandise man of his firm, spending many months each year in the New York office of his house, selecting garments for the women's department, which he manages, and also purchasing for the very extensive men's establishment. It is largely because of his discriminating taste in these matters, that his house has reached renown. The saying that "well bought is half sold", is exemplified here. Mr. Harris is a native son, his father, L. Harris having founded the first clothing business in Los Angeles, fifty-four years ago. Harry succeeded his father in business, a few years since, upon the demise of the elder Harris. At present Mr. Harris is deeply interested in the plans for the large, new building at Hill and Seventh Street, which his firm is erecting and which they expect to occupy next season. The matter of providing in that place enlarged space for all the departments at present housed in the Spring Street store, and for incorporating therein every modern convenience, is taking up much of Mr. Harris' time, just now. He can tell you just what light is to be shed upon his pet sections, over in the new place and how many units of space it requires to display so many hundreds of coats or suits. However, these weighty matters do not preclude a few rounds of golf at the San Gabriel Country Club, now and then; nor have they prevented Mr. Harris from choosing a handsome new motor car as a Christmas gift to his mother. Motoring is a fad which shares popularity with golfing, in

Mr. Harris' estimation. Mr. Harris is a member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, and is a Mason as well as an Elk.

## OF GREAT ACCOUNT

WHEN Miss Frances Holmes took up the work of advertising, she did so with the determination of making it her life work. Many girls enter a profession simply to stop some gap in life—to mark time until something else happens to divert their attention. Not so with Miss Holmes. Her first advertising experience was with the Newitt agency, one of the truly great advertising agencies in Southern California. It was not long before Mr. Newitt, himself a genius in his line, discerned that Miss Holmes meant business, and began teaching her the profession which is at the same time an art. He found in her an apt pupil, and at his death, Miss Holmes was well fitted for her chosen work. She made her first great hit in suggesting to the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles, Prosperity Week. This was in 1908 and every Angeleno resident here at that time, will recall the overwhelming success of the plan. In fact Prosperity Week, lifted the city out of a period of depression and started it on its way rejoicing. In appreciation of this unique plan Miss Holmes received a gold medal from the Chamber of Commerce. For seven years Miss Holmes has been at the head of her own advertising agency in the Lissner Building, where she has a commodious suite and where she handles many large accounts—some of the largest, in fact, on the Pacific Coast. Not long since, Miss Holmes' advertisement of a certain biscuit won the prize in a contest for superiority, instituted by a National trade magazine; two-thirds of the responses received accrediting her advertising as the best. In addition to writing the advertisements or at least personally suggesting them, for her large clientele, Miss Holmes edits a noteworthy trade magazine in the interest of one of her patrons. An active member of the Los Angeles Women's Advertising Club, Miss Holmes has held office some time and has represented the organization at the National meeting in the East.

## DINNER TO GRAPHIC EDITOR

LIEUTENANT Elbridge D. Rand, who is soon to leave for Washington, D. C., where he has been summoned by the Government, was given an informal and most enjoyable dinner by the staff of *THE GRAPHIC* on Wednesday evening, Dec. 5th. *THE GRAPHIC* takes a proper pride in the fact that its Editor and Publisher has been selected from a large number of applicants to take up special work at the Nation's Capital, and hearty congratulations were tendered him



LIEUTENANT THOMAS A. J. DOCKWEILER

Who has won both a commission and a bride. His marriage to Miss Katherine Stearns, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. John E. Stearns of Los Angeles will be an interesting event of today. Lieutenant Dockweiler is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Isidore B. Dockweiler of Los Angeles

at dinner. Lieutenant Rand entertained the entire company with a graphic (no pun intended) recital of his experience in San Francisco, particularly those surrounding the "proposition", "solution", and "discussion" concerning certain exciting incidents in the vicinity of "Biglerville." The Lieutenant explained that the main "proposition" was so satisfactorily "solved" to the Major's ears by the vocalists of the camp, that he deemed the matter precluded from further discussion. "Biglerville" experts please take notice. Lieutenant Rand was presented with a rabbit's foot, guaranteed to have been taken from a bunny shot in a graveyard, in the light of the moon, and with a silver bullet.

# BY THE WAY

FREQUENTLY one hears the remark, nowadays, that they are "making soldiers" down at Linda Vista or up at American Lake. And it may be added that Uncle Sam is making some pretty fine soldiers, too, while he is about it. But once in a while he finds a soldier already made, and then his collective task is, in the instance, made individually easy. Lieutenant Philip C. Sterry of Los Angeles, and a son of Mrs. Clinton N. Sterry, comes quite rightfully by his soldierly instincts, and Uncle Sam didn't have to give much time to his training. In fact the boy, Philip, grew into a soldier almost over night. This stalwart young son of the late Judge Clinton N. Sterry was one of the first to respond to his country's call for soldiers during the trouble that threatened with Mexico a number of months ago. He quietly packed away his law books and donned a private's uniform and a gun and went down to Nogales with other of Uncle Sam's patriotic lads. Then the brewing trouble settled down into quiet and Private Sterry was mustered out and honorably discharged. He resumed his law studies again. Then came the more urgent call, when the United States entered into the terrible maelstrom of conflict which seethed abroad. Again Philip Sterry laid aside his Blackstone and enlisted. But in the interim he had studied the military manual and so he applied for a commission as lieutenant. He was a member of the first officers training camp at the Presidio, but he was there scarcely a fortnight before he received from Washington his officer's commission. Almost at the same time, he celebrated his twenty-second birthday, and right on the heels of these two events, with several other of his fellow-collegians and fellow-officers, Lieutenant Sterry received word from the Southern California University Law school that he had been graduated. He was admitted to the bar at San Francisco, while still in the Officer's Training Camp at the Presidio, and so almost simultaneously he won right to two titles, which but for the lack of custom and precedence, might read, "Lieutenant Philip C. Sterry, L. L. D." Young Lieutenant Sterry is stationed down at Linda Vista at present, having recently been transferred there from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and is an officer of Company C, 159th Artillery. Following in his distinguished father's footsteps in his preparation for the legal profession, and later, perhaps, a judiciary office, Lieutenant Sterry is also following out the patriotic career of the late Judge Sterry, who left his own school studies at the age of seventeen to enlist for the civil War, from which at the age of 21 or 22 he emerged with the rank of captain.

## BOHANNON STEPPING OUT

IT may seem like a long step from the Alexandria Hotel to Hollywood Boulevard and Las Palmas Avenue, in Hollywood, but John M. Bohannon has accomplished just

this feat, and without the aid of the famous "seven league boots". Of course, without boots he couldn't have, or wouldn't have made this remarkable step. In fact, the real object of this story is boots. They are the object, also, of Mr. Bohannon's incursion into Hollywood. In the future, the former assistant secretary of the Alexandria Hotel Company will greet his friends as one of the owners of the Hollywood Bootery, which caters to the patronage of that fashionable suburb, and draws a large clientele from among the wealthy eastern folk who are summer, winter and between-time sojourners there. Mr. Bohannon will be associated with his brother-in-law, George W. Stoll, a prominent resident of Hollywood. The two men have opened the cleverest, most down-to-date kind of a shop, carrying an extremely large stock of beautiful exclusive footwear, and with Mr. Bohannon in charge of the executive end of the business, the success of the new concern is assured. From the Alexandria Hotel, however, the genial young assistant secretary will be missed by a host of sincere friends, whom he gathered about him in his association there of six years. Less than a week after his arrival in Los Angeles from the east, Mr. Bohannon was given the position as secretary to Manager Whitmore, then in charge of the Alexandria. He later became secretary to Manager Vernon E. Goodwin,

and later was elected as assistant secretary of the Alexandria Hotel Company, handling the publicity, advertising and credits. Into the new bootery concern Mr. Bohannon will carry a splendid executive ability, a genial personality and the good wishes of his many friends and acquaintances. And to all of his friends Mr. Bohannon is extending a cordial invitation to "step in" at any time.

## MEDICAL WARRIORS

IT has been estimated that nearly 50,000 medical men have volunteered for war service in the United States and that half that number have actually been mobilized and stand ready to leave for the scene of carnage on short notice. Here in Los Angeles there has been an avalanche of volunteers and the unit organized by Dr. Rea Smith has been besieged with applications from both doctors and nurses, amongst whom the competition to accompany the unit has been very keen.

Apart from the patriotism which this condition evidences, it is said that war conditions apparently have a very healthful effect upon non-combatants, who are not anywhere near so eager to hasten to the physician with their minor woes, who postpone treatments and small operations for chronic troubles, and who pay up even more slowly than usual for such services as they do demand.

For this reason the doctors find a dwindling field for their activities and talents when they remain at home, and active service where the blood is flowing in rivers becomes the obvious call. In fact, sickness becomes numbered amongst the superfluous luxuries and Hooverizing in that department is more marked than in the kitchen.

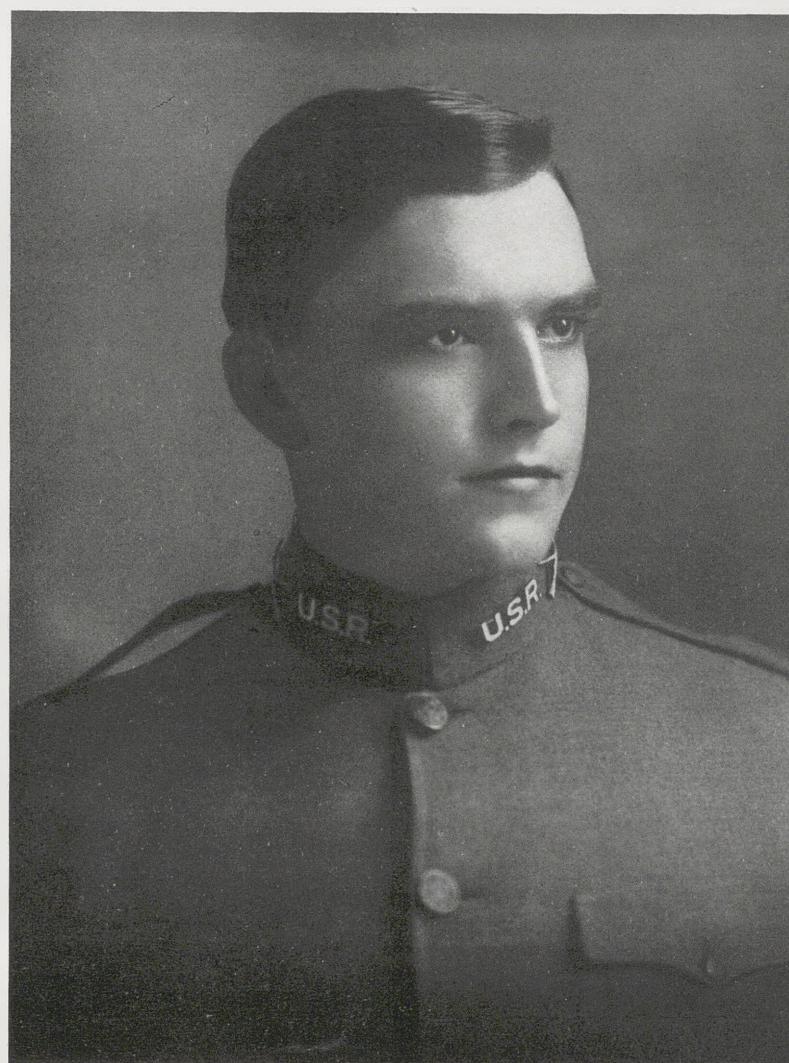
## RED CROSS CHRISTMAS

MR. John R. Haynes of Los Angeles, California, has been appointed sectional chairman for the American Red Cross Christmas Membership Drive for the Southern California Section, in which Los Angeles is located. The district consists of the following counties: Santa Barbara, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, Ventura, Orange, San Diego, Imperial, Riverside, San Luis Obispo. This Christman Membership Campaign extends over a period of eight days, starting December 17th and concluding the evening of December 24th. Prior to the campaign for membership, the organization of the forces in the various chapters is quite essential and the results during the campaign for membership largely depend upon the perfection of the organizations within the various Chapters.

## A MUSICAL HUMORIST

TERRERE was a subtle bit of humor offered by Desidir Vecsei, the piano soloist, at the symphony concert last week, when in response to enthusiastic applause,

he sat down at his instrument and played—not some brilliant encore number, but simply "America." The humor was apparent only to the few who knew that certain busy-bodies had been circulating the statement that Vecsei was born in Hungary and therefore had no right to appear on an American program, overlooking the fact that he had taken out naturalization papers prior to the entrance of the United States into war. It reminded me of two other bits of humor in musical anecdote. One was when the Marseillaise was prohibited in Vienna about 1840 and Schumann, giving a piano recital there, played a phrase of it skillfully concealed in one of his piano works, and the censor never was the wiser. Also, of Von Bulow, who after the order from Von Hulsen, theatrical censor, that Bulow should make no more speeches from the concert stage, in his next recital improvised on a song-theme from Mozart, to which the words were, "Will the Count venture on a little dance?" The public caught on. Vecsei's reply to his critics was a clever patriotic answer.



LIEUTENANT PHILIP C. STERRY

Company C, 159th Artillery

## A Spacious, luxurious store having many luxurious shops and fascinating studios within its walls, is a delightful place in which to make one's holiday purchases—Barker's is such a store.

Under one roof you will find art wares and china from the Oriental and European as well as American markets; classic furniture, selected especially because of its adaptation to American homes; the best products of American and foreign looms in floor-coverings, draperies, linens, bedding; pianos and Victrolas in period case designs, and a library of records from the world's greatest music.

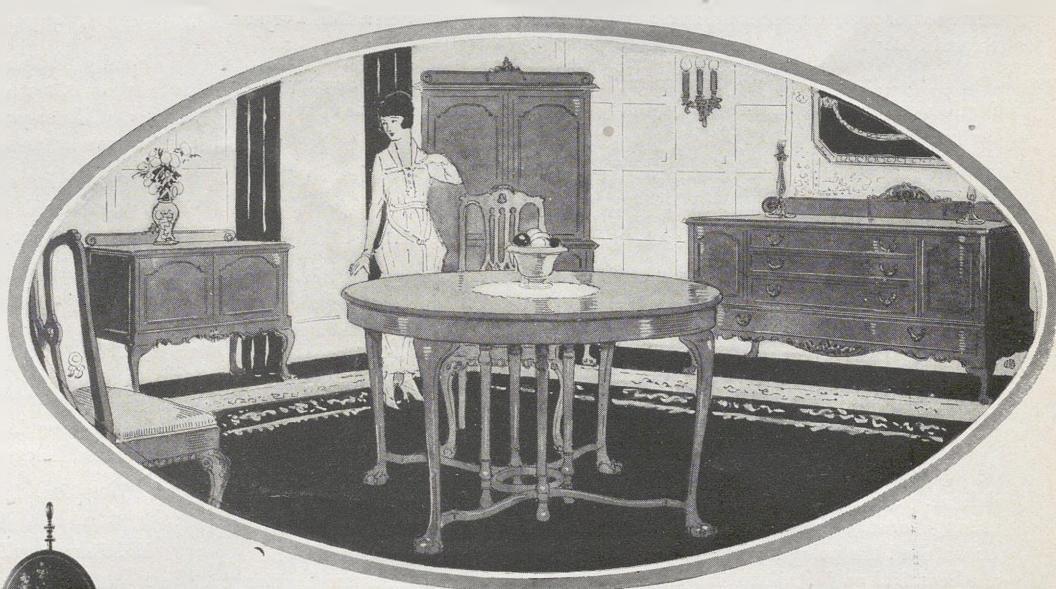


*Overstuffed tapestry furniture, rightly placed gives beautiful balance and harmony of line to a room. This living room group is incomparable for comfort and dignity. The pieces are interestingly priced as follows: Davenport, \$80; back table, \$27.50; end table, \$9.50; arm chair near clock, \$38.50; arm rocker, \$38.50; floor clock, \$75.*



*If the maid is out, the Sunday night supper becomes a gala affair with this fascinating Serrette revolving on its pedestal in the center of the table to supply your wants. It is \$14.00.*

*This mahogany suite is a favorite Chippendale design, dignified yet hospitable looking—and the moderate prices add to its charm. Table, \$135.00; side board, \$190.00; serving table, \$75.00.*



The spirit of Christmas is embodied in the Gift shop on the Main Floor. A dazzling array of exquisite art gifts—potteries, porcelains, fine glass—have been assembled here for your convenient Christmas selection; besides rare Oriental rugs, choice pieces of furniture, gorgeous drapery fabrics, fine imported linens, and a multitude of useful things needed in every home.

*Write or call for "Better Homes"—Barker's interesting Christmas Magazine*



*A smart little tilting top table of mahogany that can be used in so many ways there is not space to enumerate them. It is offered at \$8.25.*



*A lacquer fire screen in natural peacock colors which sells for \$75.00*



*"Baby Ottoman" in various designs of tapestry and velour, and combinations of these materials.*

*\$2.50*

# Barker Bros

ESTABLISHED - 1880

*The House of Complete and Competent Home Furnishing Service*

*SOUTH BROADWAY*

*Between 7th and 8th*

# JARVIS SUMMERVILLE WALKS WITH FATHER SERRA

## By ALICE HARRIMAN

JARVIS Summerville was a lively, imaginative child, and his mother beguiled the long hours for him, on their journey from New York to California, with tales of western history, romance and adventure.

Jarvis never wearied. Every story seemed to him like a moving picture; a picture in which he was by turn explorer, soldier, or cassocked padre, as he listened to tales of the seven magic cities of Cibola, of Cortez, or Coronado, Cabrillo, Viscanio, and in particular, of Don Jose Galvez who sent ships from Mexico to find the lost Bay of Monterey.

As the Summervilles drew near the high Sierras, Jarvis learned of the first settlement of California by white people. He listened for hours as his mother told of Fray Junipero Serra, who had chosen to be a follower of St. Francis (Jarvis knew all about him, for did not he himself love birds as much as had St. Francis?) and the other Franciscans who came to a land once vaguely known by the Spanish kings.

But the description of plumed and bucklered Don Gaspar de Portola caught the boy's fancy more than anything else; and at the close of this story he slipped away from his mother; and not long after she and his father were amused to find that he had begged of the obliging porter some feathers from the duster, and was using them for a plume in his cap.

"I'm Portola," he cried, gaily, flourishing his father's cane as though it were a sword.

"Do you like Portola best of all the men I have told you of this past week?" his mother inquired. "I thought you'd like Fray Serra the better."

"Whom do you like best?" parried Jarvis. He wanted to like what his mother did, of course; but oh! Portola's feathers—and the swashbuckling way he had of riding about the land.

"I think Fray Serra did the most good. He came in love to help the Indians. The soldiers tried to conquer them, whether-or-no."

"But Serra was lame," objected the sturdy little chap, jumping up and down on legs that never had known fatigue or pain.

"He was like you when he was your age, son." interposed Mr. Summerville. "Your mother told you how he got the thorn in his ankle while in Mexico."

"I'm sorry he did," said Jarvis, but I like Portola best. I could have marched or ridden with him; and if I had been with Fray Serra I'd have had to walk slow."

Mrs. Summerville was a wise mother, despite her youth. She made no further comment on her son's boyish preference. He would know better as he grew older.

But she did not have to wait for the years to change his choice.

The Summervilles had left the frost, the sleet, and the snow of the western seaboard that they might spend the winter in Riverside.

They arrived early in the morning, and when the automobile which met them at the station sped under the drooping green boughs of pepper trees, pranked out with their clusters of bright red berries, and finally turned through great, vine-covered arches, Jarvis thought surely he must see Alice—Alice of Wonderland! Gay parrots and macaws shrilled a welcome; birds sang in tall trees and thickets of bamboo; palms grew out of doors! In New York they were always in pots and looked sick.

As the days went by Jarvis found the Glenwood Mission Inn a continuing delight. Although he enjoyed the rides over the long, smooth highways through orange groves, the climb of Mt. Rubidoux, and the many hours he watched the polo players, he loved best to wander among the curios and in the beautiful patio, talk to the parrots or to play quietly in the Spanish gallery where portraits of the men he admired looked down upon him; and especially he lingered in the Court of the Bells. He climbed a queer, steep, narrow staircase to a tower where hung long ropes; and as the bell-ringer pulled at them—covered as their ends were with stuff that reminded Jarvis of a certain softly colored rug in his mother's room on which he loved to lie and smooth the velvety pile—beautiful melodies rang out; and the child could almost see the music take visible form as he looked from a tiny window into the sunset crimson behind the hills.

But the cloister walk held him longest. Here his mother repeated again and again the stories of the days when Portola rode up and down the land; of the Mission life, and of the gay cavalcades that often passed over *El Camino Real* between the "Harbor of the Sun" and the "Valley of the Seven Moons."

One night Jarvis turned in his little cot as his mother sat beside him holding his hand, and said sleepily:

"I know what I like best of all I've seen here."

"Yes, dear." Mrs. Summerville expected her son to speak of the armorial banners, or of processional flags or standards; or of the things that soldiers and crusaders prize.

"That picture of Fray Serra."

"The one where he is showing the Indians how to hang a bell?" asked his mother greatly surprised.

"No. The one—where—he's going—to—Mexico—all alone." Jarvis was so sleepy he could hardly speak. But he roused. "Father told me of that. He went 'cause Portola and the other soldiers were not fair to the Indians. And Fray Serra started, and walked a long way—from the coast to Mexico City. And he got what he wanted; and he walked back—limping, mamma, oh! wasn't he splendid?" And after a pause, "I like him best now, mama."

And Jarvis' mother, cuddling her little boy very close, softly kissed him until he fell asleep.

The next day Jarvis was on the *qui vive*. Mysterious preparations were going on. Heavy curtains hid the shallow steps back of the music room. Late in the afternoon he transferred his interest from the dark red, sheltering draperies to the loved painting in the cloister Walk only a few steps beyond the stage. The skillfully arranged light of the cloister shone full on the picture of Fray Serra trudging his dusty way to Mexico City; his tiny, loaded burro plodding just ahead.

"I'd love to go with you," whispered Jarvis, patting the gleaming canvas.

When the Summervilles went to the music room in the evening the organ was sending out triumphant chords that echoed throughout the building. After they were seated the curtains parted and there—there were some of the padres that Jarvis had been hearing about! With a smothered little cry of astonished delight he sat with parted lips while the men in long brown cassocks and bare feet went about in a low-ceilinged room, lighting candles, and talking about a party they were to give.

"Is it all coming true, Mother?" whispered Jarvis. "Just like you told me?"

"We'll see, dear! Watch!"

Then the story of the manger, of the Child, and of Mary, Joseph, and the wise men from the East—everything that makes Christmas lore for the world, passed in seeming reality before the awe-struck boy. It was too beautiful for exclamations, and he sat enthralled as the simple, faithful representation of a Christmas entertainment as given by the Padres during the days of Spanish occupancy of California, melted, one into another through mazes of light like shimmering gold, or silver rain through purple mist.

Finally Father Serra appeared and a group of Indian children came trooping on the stage to greet him. When Jarvis realized that these brown-skinned children were "really, truly Indians," instead of make-believe, he almost gave a war-whoop. Indian children! They were his story hour mates.

The dark faces smiled at him from the stage, and as the exercises proceeded Jarvis resolved to ask them to take him on a hunting trip tomorrow. They would know where to go for deer—and bears, and—and—everything!

But even as he was planning the wild orgy of sport they would have in the wild mountains that Portola knew, the changing lights grew dim; and Jarvis, after the long day's delights, leaned a weary head against his mother's circling arm.

"Wake up, dear. They're going to sing."

Jarvis struggled to obey; but the voices blended with the lights and the children, and he could hardly tell one from the other.

"Take him, Frederick," begged Mrs. Summerville, the brighter lights coming on and the glowing star on the Christmas tree flashing.

Mr. Summerville lifted his son. But the boy struggled to get down. "May I go to say good-night to—the-picture?"

Suddenly, in most mysterious fashion, Jarvis was not only out of his father's arms; but he was running behind Fray Serra, right in the dusty trail leading from La Paz to Mexico City. Presently he pulled at the long brown robe. The sunshine was hot and bright. The tiny burro turned his head when he heard voices, and Jarvis asked, timidly: "Did you start right after you heard the Indian children sing, Fray Serra?"

It seemed to the little boy that the padre turned a startled face toward him—startled, but oh, so kind. He looked just as he had an hour before.

"I've been walking many days, *muchacho*."

Somehow that seemed perfectly all right to Jarvis. Of course the priest had been a long time on the trail. So had Jarvis. And suddenly it seemed a very long, long time since he had heard the Indian children sing.

"Tell me stories," pleaded the child after they had walked hand in hand until the sunset sky seemed on fire and the desert grew violet like mother's eyes. "I'm tired."

Fray Serra instantly halted. The burro willingly paused, too; and the three rested under the shelter of a great mesquite.

"I can tell you only of what is in my heart," said the old man, easing his foot and ankle with ointment from a small box.

Jarvis watched him.

"I'm sorry I said I liked Don Portola best—because—because—because—" Jarvis paused, suddenly realizing that it was not polite to comment on afflictions.

The padre patted the bright young face.

"My Indians—my missions," he finally exclaimed, "they are on my heart."

Then he told the story of his work, of all he had done and hoped to do. He had caused to be built or planned nine missions, and had dreams of many more along the California coast. "You should see Carmelo" he cried. "It is my best loved resting place—when I rest, which is but seldom."

"I know. They've got the tower and the door at the Inn."

"The Inn? I never heard of that mission," Fray Serra shook his head, puzzled.

"I'd like to do all the things you have," exclaimed the lad, waiving the matter of hostilities.

"We all serve," said the padre, affectionately. "All service is divine. It is the spirit that quickeneth, our Master said."

Then Fray Serra spoke of his contentions with Portola and the other officers who would use arms where he would use infinite patience and God-sought wisdom.

"Love is stronger than force," he cried, passionately. "Love—what is it? It weighs nothing; yet it outweighs all. Portola and the rest will learn this—sometime," he said, and fell silent. "I'd like to show you my missions he added, a little later.

And even as he said this the dusty road and the dozing burro disappeared and the padre was guide through a place the boy knew well.

The venerable Franciscan paid no attention to the marvels of modern life surrounding them. Electric lights, comfort, organ—all these were overlooked; but when the padre saw the old mission kitchen in the wonderful Inn he told Jarvis of the great feasts he had seen or helped to prepare; of how whole oxen and many sheep were barbecued; tortillas and frijoles made ready, while great pots of chili con carne sent out tantalizing odors that brought hundreds to the mission feasts.

This led him to speak of the days of starvation at San Diego before the ship

came which not only saved the lives of the discontented soldiers and the exhausted missionaries, but saved the entire country for Spain. "If that ship had not come," Fray Serra explained, "the Russians surely would have taken the land."

Presently they were in the Carmelo tower. The padre glanced up at the Christmas stars twinkling brightly, and spoke of the part that the mission bells had played in the new life opening to the Indians. He explained how each bell had a voice of its own; some spoke of joy and some of sorrow. Of how the cloudless days opened with the call from the high-hung bell to rise for prayer; of the noon-day bell, and the vesper quiet. But all called for devotion. "Remember that, muchacho," admonished the friar. "Devotion."

Then they descended the stair and walked around the entire building in the cool night air.

"Why," suddenly cried Fray Serra, pausing, astonished. "Before it has always taken me weeks, months, to make a tour of the missions, and my ankle pained always. And this time, *muchacho*, it has not taken us an hour to see them all. How is this?"

Without waiting for the answer which Jarvis did not know how to give, the padre whispered. "And not only those I have seen with my natural eyes, but those I have seen with the inner vision."

Jarvis could only press the priest's hand still more affectionately.

"What's this?" Father Serra paused as again they passed through the sweeping arches. "The Cordova fountain? How strange. Am I not in California, where my missions are? Or am I in that blessed heaven where everything we love is near at hand? Let us go to the Carmelo tower yet again," he added, hastily. "I would look from there once more. I am bewildered."

When they reached the height Serra seemed to forget his companion. The dawn was brightening the mountains which Portola had named. Slowly the padre turned about, looking eagerly over the sleeping town embowered in foliage, toward the cross on Mt. Rubidoux, up to the stars and over the fertile valley dreaming under the quiet sky.

"I see—I see," he began, his voice trembling, "what I had hoped to see. A fruitful land—oranges and figs, grain and cattle, happy homes where the Christ-child is known and where love is supreme. I told Portola that love would win. I knew it."

Suddenly he flung his arms upward and stood, a transcendent, towering figure.

"Father," he cried joyfully. "I thank Thee. Thou hast heard my prayer. Lo! these many years it all has been here." He beat his breast as he was wont to do when preaching to his beloved Indians.

"Where?" asked Jarvis, timidly plucking at the crucifix hanging from its hempen cord.

"Here—in my heart," replied Fray Serra, and took up the child and kissed him. "Come," he added, more quietly. "We must be on our way. This vision has been granted me that I might have strength to get to Mexico City and tell the Governor what I want. Then I will return, and—love will prevail, finally."

In the same mysterious fashion as when Jarvis first found himself running along the desert trail from California to Mexico City, he found himself trudging valiantly behind the diminutive burro while Father Serra limped eagerly forward, his eyes on the far horizon shimmering in the heat.

With the afternoon the boy grew very weary. "I'm tired," he said, pathetically.

"I cannot tarry for you to rest. I'll carry you," said Fray Serra.

"No," objected Jarvis. "I'll try to keep up with you a little longer. And—I'm ashamed that I—I thought Portola was braver—and more splendid than you."

He was too sleepy to say more and the sudden tropic night fell even as the padre took him and the boy snuggled close against the coarse brown robe.

When Jarvis woke the beautiful sunshine of Christmas morning streamed across his bed.

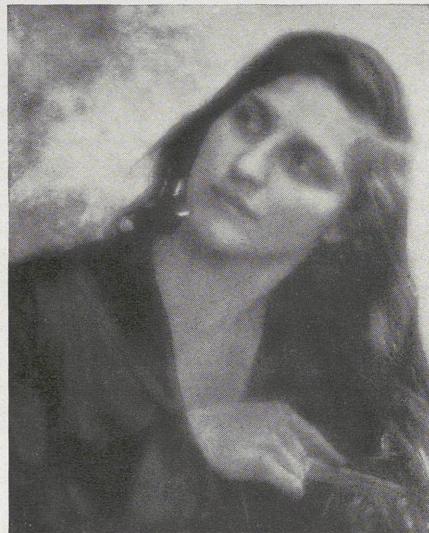
"Oh, mother," he cried, raising his head as she bent to kiss him. "I've been walking with Fray Serra. And he says this—this place, was all in his heart. And just loves it. And he's awfully nice, Mama. I love him best of all the Mission people and of the soldiers."

When questioned as to his dream adventures, and of what Fray Serra had said, Jarvis told all he could remember, which was a great deal considering that he was only a little boy just turned seven.

"Isn't there something in the Bible, Molly," asked Mr. Summerville when their son was busy with his Christmas stocking "about things being hid from the know-it-alls, and being revealed to the kids?"



Fray Serra right in the dust trail leading from La Paz to Mexico City



"MORNING"  
Pittsburgh Salon, 1917

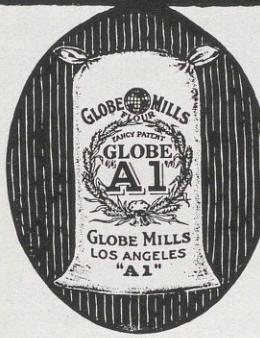
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### Comparative Statement

	October 1, 1891	October 1, 1917
Capital.....	\$100,000	Capital.....\$ 1,500,000
Surplus.....	928	Surplus.....750,000
Deposits.....	82,840	Deposits.....23,200,000
Depositors, 664		Depositors, 59,000

## Guaranty Trust & Savings Bank

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Savings ... Commercial ... Trust  
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# STRAY LEAVES BLOWN FROM A JUNE BRIDE'S DIARY

Collected by ELIZABETH SOLOMON

WE'RE all old married women now. Everybody we know marries in June, every June—that is most everybody. A few hold off until fall, though I never could see why anybody would choose to be “one of the autumn's charming brides.” I choose to be married in June everytime—I mean, of course, I choose *every time* to be married in June, and hope to die in November, not the *next* November, oh, no, *indeed*, I'm made of sterner stuff than that. That would be almost as stupid as to die the November before your wedding-June. But it was lucky for us whose weddings came the latter part of the month that some of the girls did prefer the autumn; otherwise we'd had to have cordon of matrons of honour because maids would have been as scarce as Rocquefort cheese or real Italian Vermouth.

Now that I know all about it, I'm beginning to think it awfully silly to raise such a big fuss about a little thing like getting married. To begin with, the money it costs is a crime. As a married woman of two whole months, I naturally begin to realize things. It was terrific, my dear—even Dad felt the strain, and he's made wads in munitions, too. The gowns and gowns—and *gowns*—even the bridesmaids had to get, and the way teas and afternoon doings merged into dinner and evening affairs without a chance to snatch a kiss in between—that's the way Bob described it. While I didn't miss the kisses, I did often long for a nap. The speed certainly registered on most of our nerves. It was actually said that my whole bridal party looked so haggard and drawn, that every girl in it looked forty-two, the way women at forty-two used to look. And my bridal-party was the youngest and the prettiest of the season, too.

However I feel quite fit now. I wonder if I should thank Mother for that too? She is certainly the wisest of the wise—Now that I know ALL about men, I appreciate Mother more than I did as a girl—we're in the same class now, both settled married women, you see, with well-managed husbands on our hands.

I overheard Mother say to Auntie in the mad, wild rush before the 20th of June, that she was perfectly satisfied with me and the way I was standing up under the strain. That it just proved her pet theory that matrimony can be managed as successfully as the mumps, if one only goes about it the right way. Mother always said that mumps, measles and matrimony should not be run away from, though equally rash; they should be calmly accepted when you are quite young, so that if the proper precautions are taken, one comes through without a scar. Then you have the comfortable feeling that you have met the enemy and are thereafter immune from second attacks. Except, of course, in matrimony, one must prepare for successive attacks for neither vaccination nor the first attack guarantees immunity in that malady. But Mother never

worried about that; she merely quoted that old adage we know so well; If in your first marriage, you don't succeed; marry, marry again.

Mother wagered Auntie that I'd get married gracefully, stay married gracefully—at least for a time—and perhaps (even she couldn't prophesy, get remarried, but that I would do it all gracefully and always wear the unmarried, unafraid face. She said its just diet, exercise and holding the right thought"—especially the mental attitude of the matrimonial applicant should be kept so-so. Auntie didn't take the wager. She agreed absolutely with Mother—with quite a tinkle of ice in her voice. Auntie is so—unmodern. I'm awfully ashamed to admit such a thing in our family, but she is actually *sentimental* and has been in love all her life and—with the same man! Six weeks after she was married, her husband suddenly died, and she is still in love with him, though this happened years and

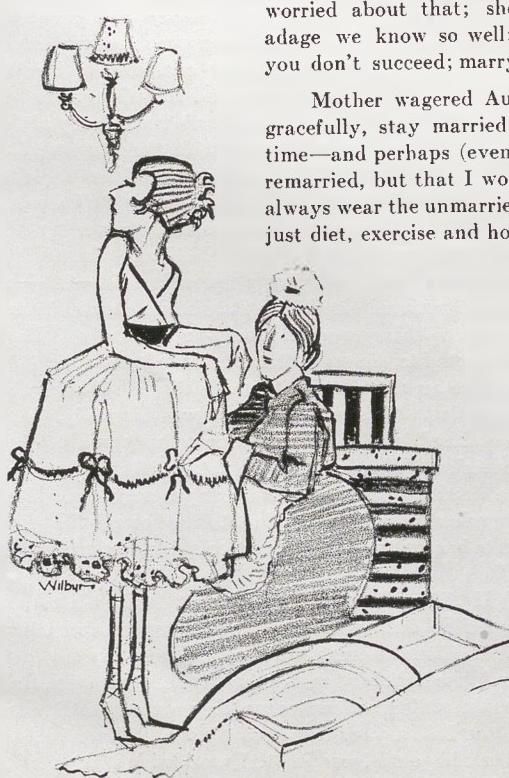
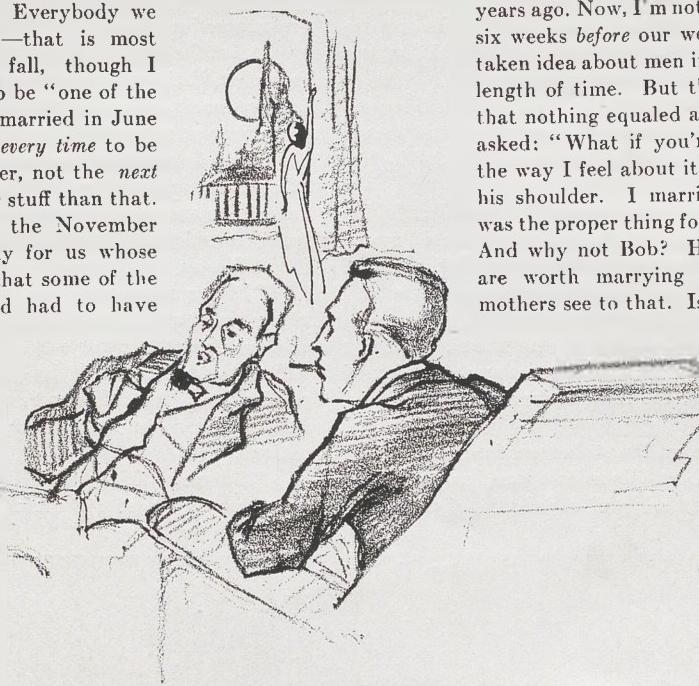
years ago. Now, I'm not a bit like her. Bob would have had to die six weeks *before* our wedding for me to have carried such a mistaken idea about men in general and my man in particular for any length of time. But then I take after Mother. Somebody said that nothing equaled a man's shoulder for crying on and Mother asked: “What if you're not the crying sort?” and that's just the way I feel about it. I certainly didn't marry Bob to weep on his shoulder. I married him because according to schedule it was the proper thing for me to marry in June, Nineteen-seventeen. And why not Bob? He “belonged” and all the men in our set are worth marrying because they are worth divorcing—our mothers see to that. Isn't it funny that the man who isn't worth marrying isn't worth divorcing—momentarily speaking, and of course that's everything in matrimony—and the other thing.

But if Bob should come home dead tonight, I really couldn't think of marrying again—for a long, long, longest time, one whole year at least and then I'd not be a bit excited over it. And one thing I am decided on—I won't have all the prenuptial preparedness I've just lived through in the way of teas, matinees and dinners for the bride-to-be. Not again. But then

the second and third weddings are supposed to be far more quiet and simple than the first wedding of a debutante. Its considered “better form” and all that and when you scratch under the surface of “good form” and “the conventional”, you'll always find them founded on common sense and reason, Miss Priscilla used to tell us at school, and I guess the common sense in this case is that after one has lived through all this chatter once, they remember that its only a fool that makes the same mistake twice.

But I've married a really wonderful man. Bob is wonderful. The way he has changed his whole personality in two short months is something every man couldn't do, I'm sure. He and Dad get off to one side and talk business and Bob isn't pretending his interest either. Oh! I can tell. I can read Bob like a book. He really would rather talk shop to Dad than get out in the moonlight with me. But I wouldn't have it any other way. I never cared for that mushy, moonlight stuff. Still I've never had a real taste of it, for mine was a strictly modern engagement, so full of high spots that mere balcony scenes could not be crowded in. Sometimes when I was too rushed, I'd get to feeling so little and tiny, and abused that I just wished Bob and I could encounter family feuds or something we could fight against together. But everybody was just crazy for us to get married—“Such an ideal match” and all that. At such weak moments, I told myself sternly I was getting as bad as Auntie. That always braced me up, even

when the moonlight was white in the patio and there was a shiver in the palms. A quiver in Steel always affected our household more than a shiver in the palms. Dad always said if steel wasn't fairly steady, we'd never hear the wind sigh in the Cocoanut Grove in February. You can bank on all Dad says along those lines. But if Bob turns out as well as Dad, I don't believe I'll have my second husband so very soon.



# THE RISE OF THE RUSSIAN REPUBLIC

CHARLES Edward Russell, whose splendid addresses in Los Angeles have been such an awakening as to war conditions and the situation in Russia, and whose salary of one dollar a year is paid by the government at Washington, D. C., has had opportunities for studying and divining the inner life and psychology of the great Slav nation such as fall to the lot of very few men. The germ of the Russian revolution, which startled the entire world, and which seemed so much of a mystery to the outside Governments of the world, was in Mr. Russell's eyes a perfectly natural, inevitable and logical thing.

Seated in a chair in his room at the Lankershim hotel, Mr. Russell unfolded the story of the Russian revolution, and a fascinating narrative it made. "Do you realize," he said, "that the history of the empire of Catherine, of Peter the Great, of the entire Ivanoff dynasty, and of all Russian rulers and co-conspirators in the art of despotism has been repression?"

"Not always physical repression as represented by the knout, the firing squad, the gallows, the prison, and Siberia. That, it is true, was a portion of the regime, but it was not, by any means, the most enduring nor successful method of keeping the peasantry down."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that there was mental repression; the keeping the people of Russia in ignorance of world conditions, and world progress?"

"Exactly," was his reply. "The leadership of vast bodies of men such as comprised the Russian Empire depended upon keeping the mass of the people ignorant. Ignorant of history, ignorant of other countries, ignorant of movements calculated to make for the betterment of mankind. And above ALL, ignorant of the principles of democracy, and of the advance of republics among the governments of the world."

"But with the general dissemination of books and pamphlets, the establishment of newspapers, the advance of education everywhere," I protested, "how could the Russians be kept under a ban of ignorance such as you outline?"

"Very easily," said Mr. Russell. "Twenty-two years ago the percentage of illiteracy in Russia was figured at about 80 per cent, roughly speaking. And why? Because the reigning Emperor, as his predecessors before him, had figured that the greatest ignorance to the greatest number was the salvation of autocracy, and he was right. When men want to know why they are kept in ignorance; when they insist on being answered, when they ask why they are held in bondage and ground under the wheels of an absolute monarchy, then there are apt to be some fire-works."

"How was this surprising percentage of the illiterate reduced?" was my query.

"Well," was Mr. Russell's answer, "after the upheaval in 1905 the Czar realized that something had to be done to placate public feeling. Forces stronger than he, forces stronger than Siberia, the army, and mere physical forces were working towards a goal which might mean revolution, and the Czar and his advisers were shrewd enough to see this. So that education, but education administered in a harmless and innocuous manner, was decided upon for the bulk of the Russian people. Mind you, Russia had already splendid universities at Petrograd, Moscow, Odessa, and many other cities. Universities where the nobility and the members of the ruling classes were able to obtain, and did obtain very excellent and thorough instruction. Many of the Russian officials of distinction are splendid linguists, and highly educated men."

"But were there no other schools open for the average Russian?" I inquired.

"There were parochial schools," said Mr. Russell, where a few of the richer merchants had an opportunity of sending their sons and daughters, but even there the cunning of the reigning class froze the noble current of the soul by applying the blue pencil to the knowledge obtained. Rather an amusing thing, you know, to have American history taught with the Revolution of 1776 omitted, and the War of 1812. French history too, as taught in the Russian schools had the trifling incident of the French Revolution carefully deleted."

"Nothing about William Tell so far as Switzerland was concerned," I asked. "Not a word," said Mr. Russell, his eyes twinkling. "Magna Charta,

the Bill of Rights, Hampden, and every sign or token of the rising of the people against established authority was wiped clean from the books. It was deemed too suggestive."

"But the Czar reckoned without his host," continued he. "The ability to read was being communicated to vast numbers of the peasantry. In Siberia, in every nook and cranny of the vast empire, there was a leavening of the lump of ignorance, a light breaking through on the dark places. Notwithstanding the care taken to keep the Russian mind a blank as to what had happened in other countries, there was a gradual seeping in of knowledge. The leaven of democracy was working, and its principles were being passed from mouth to mouth even by people who could not read."

"Was any attempt made to suppress this?" I asked.

"It was almost too universal to be suppressed" was the reply. "It was in the air, it was at the crossroads, in the huts of the moujiks, in the dwellings of the peasants, in the workshops, everywhere. The breath of liberty was wafted to them not only by pamphlets, printed speeches, books, and various publications, but there was a great awakening, as if from a dream, and Russia began to make ready to take her place among the emancipated nations."

"Do you think the Revolution will be a success?" I asked. "I have no doubt of it," said Mr. Russell. "Not today, nor tomorrow,

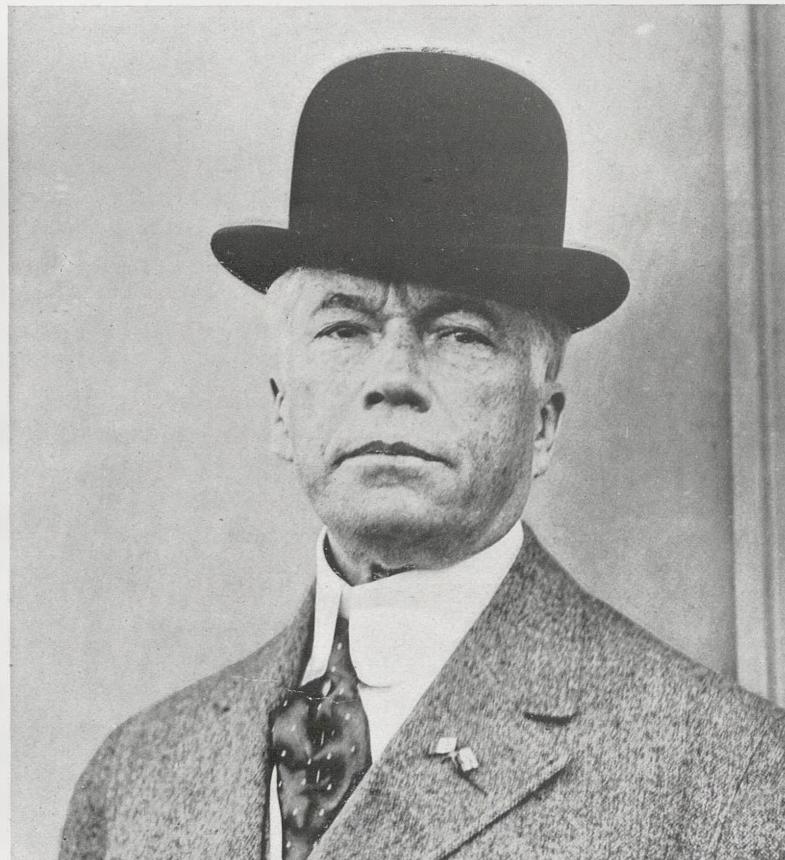
no more than any other revolution has been a success. But the tree has been planted, it will gather strength and grow, and in time will bear the fruit of liberty for the Russian people. The principle of education," he went on, "the printed word, the spreading of the gospel of democracy, was the silent and unconquerable force which upturned the throne of an absolute despotism, and set in its stead the altar of Democracy. A wonderful thing to realize. And yet a good many people do not realize that the disintegrating forces which led to the crumbling of this despotic power were primarily the forces of peace."

"It is really a new birth of national ideals," he continued. "It is the final departure of the old monarchial superstition entirely. Before the Russia of the present has utterly disposed of the Russia of the past, I look for internal dissensions of more or less seriousness, but not of strength enough to ever revive the old institutions. This was not a sudden uprising of the oppressed against the oppressors. It was the logical outcome of years of thought, reasoning, and logic, against false ideals. The reason the revolution was accomplished with such a comparative lack of blood-shed, and so quickly, was because the overwhelming body of the people were with the movement."

"Will the rule of the majority be applied in the Russian national council," I asked him. "Without a doubt," was the response. "I do not look for any separate peace by the Russian people with the German government. The National Council of some 880 men is not going to be dominated by a mere handful—118—of Bolshevik agitators. The next national election in Russia will demonstrate, in my opinion, the weakness of this group of would-be dictators. They will, in my judgment, be relegated to the rear after the next election."

"Do you think this can be accomplished without fighting?" I asked the member of the Root Commission. "Very likely not," was his reply, "but it will be eventually accomplished, and the Russian democracy will emerge triumphant over all its enemies. Wonderful, is it not, to think that the example of Washington, the steadfastness of the American people, the sacrifices of the men and women everywhere who have held fast to the banner of liberty should have been the ultimate beacon to which Russia looked to for inspiration in her battle for freedom."

"We, as Americans," Mr. Russell continued, "owe it to Russia to encourage her in every way possible during this, her hour of travail and tribulation. Do not believe the insidious lies sent out from German sources concerning the country. Do not lose sight for a moment that the spirit animating Russia is the same which animated Americans when they signed the Declaration of Independence. Let us hold up the hands of Russia, believe in her, aid her, and in aiding her aid ourselves in the worldwide struggle for Right against Might, Democracy against Autocracy."



CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Member of Root Commission to Russia



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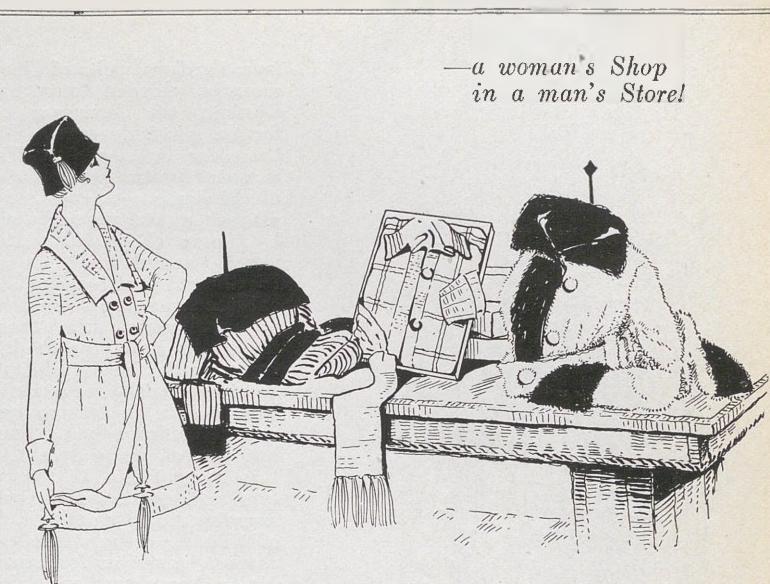
Give something "different" this year—a piece of colorful majolica ware from Italy, or perhaps some beautifully chiseled marble piece of Italian execution; delicately tinted glass, or masterfully designed bronzes from France; or some of the exquisite new pieces in English china.

We have selected for the approval of our patrons, the very best that the art centers of Europe afford, and despite the unsettled conditions caused by the great war, have been fortunate in receiving these selections in their entirety.



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"The aristocrat of knitted coats." Angora, links and links, or plain knit. Many styles—

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perhaps, from our handsome assortment of pure silk coats—unexcelled for fit, quality and versatility of style—a variety of colors and color combinations,

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Handkerchiefs  
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Silk Scarfs  
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Silk Shirts—  
Man Tailored  
Tailored Vests

Italian Silk or Hand Embroidered  
Muslin Underwear

*Desmond's*  
Spring near Sixth

# NEW MODES DESCRIBED



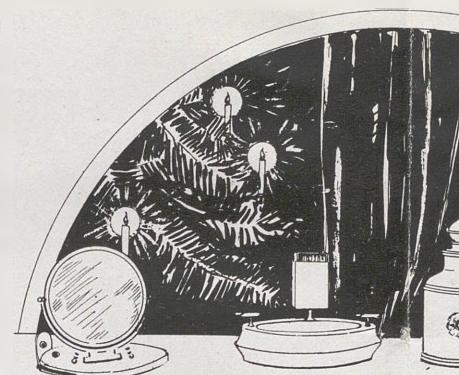
The Imperial snows of the Siberian winter seem to have left their immaculate imprint upon the ermine cloak, whose queenly outlines are limned by our artist. An Obrikat creation, formed from faultless pelts recently shipped out from Siberia by Monsieur Obrikat.

from the finest pelts of Siberian ermine, recently shipped out by Monsieur Obrikat, this luxurious cloak would form a gift truly regal. The poetry of those far lands of the Midnight Sun, is hinted by the snowy fur and the arts of Fashion's dextrous fingers is displayed in the way of forming effects by means of placing pelts. The fur sewed 'round and 'round the skirt has the effect of forming a broad band, and the same means are used in creating cuffs and collar. Upon these are placed the ermine tails, the cloak as a whole, being made from tail-less ermine, in accordance with the dictates of the mode. The cloak is lined throughout with rose colored chiffon velvet. This garment is but one of many recently created in this house from the inexpressibly rich furs sent out by Mr. Obrikat who is spending many months in the fur lands of Siberia, seizing this eventful time as most auspicious for securing treasures for his chosen work, which is the creation

knit-a-bitness which will employ the dainty fingers in the intervals of the dance. Was it not like Bullock's to bring out this bewitching frock? A gilty frock and useful.

The recurrent problem of Christmas gifts for Him, has assumed, this season, unwanted prominence; for He has become the chief personality in our Nation. Many a fair feminine one has been cudgelling her brains for gifts with which to endow the brother, friend or sweetheart either at home or "over there" and a helpful hint is highly appreciated by her, upon the quest. The Mark Cross specialties have a world renown and when found in a full range, at Mullen & Bluett's store, it seems as though the masculine gift problem were solved at a single glimpse. From among a host of gift-things, our artist has here sketched a stout glass tobacco jar, made resplendent by a red morocco cover and a competent glass stopper, also morocco clad. Artistic etching in gold enriches the morocco. A humidor for keeping his favorite cigarettes at the proper stage of moistness, is in the form of a silver chest, lined throughout with porcelain. A larger humidor, which generously holds a box of fine cigars, is of silver, also, engine turned in stripes of gunmetal. An ash receptacle has a solid base of finely grained mahogany, and a silver tray and match holder. A useful circular mirror which owns a pig-skin case, stands firmly as a shaving glass, or may be held in the hand by an adjustable handle, or it may be hung against the wall. One side of this magic mirror magnifies and the other shows the face at normal.

The War Time Efficiency Dress, shown first by Myer Siegel and Company is one which plays several parts in Milady's wardrobe. Of satin, in several popular colors, the embroidered panel is the salient feature of this frock. As



Hesitation marks no more a Christmas gift for him, by milady who is pictured from among the collection at Mullen & Bluett's

sketched by our artist, has been brought up to the vogue. It forms a reverse, leaving the bodice, in dressy effect for. The panel brought low up becomes a smart afternoon again, when fastened to the back, it is a street dress, the skirt plain. The embroidery, in metallic golden thread, tint, is rich and beautiful, touch is given to the coat panels at the back which the shoulder to the skirt, giving line, so much desired in silhouette. A chemisette or is veiled in black.

The young girl whom our admiring the lovely Chinese in rich mandarin clothes



This lovely camivlope of pink moon-glow satin and the boudoir cap which is its betrothed, the moon-glow bedroom mules, the satin, flowery garters—are none too intimate for friendly gifts when in a Christmas box they go forth from the lingerie salons of Robinson's.

of original and unusual garments from fine furs.

The "Knit-a-bit Frock Dansant" is the latest addition to holiday clothes. The girl whose making-merry is enriched by the addition of such a frock will take her place among the most popular of the younger set. Of taffeta dansant—well, that's what I call it—in a delicious shade of yellow, a yellow like the heart of the Chinese lily that blooms on Christmas morn, this delightsome dress will be a joy to wearer and to those who look upon its shining daintiness. The pockets at either side are for knitting things, as anyone can see. That they are wreathed with silken flowers detracts not one whit from the



Said in suede, in russet brown-ness this superlative motor coat took its cue from Highland regiments, adopting tartan warmth and softness for its lining. On the high at Harris & Frank's.



Mutual admiration is expressed by Duckey Sing and the girl who's holding wears real mandarin clothes and Chinese cue, while his admirer dons a hat with crown and brim of tet flues. Duckey Sing, beware! His hand bag is large enough to hold, might be such a thing as a doll

**FASHION** has her say, even about Christmas gifts!

What we should give and the manner of our giving has, from time to time, attracted her attention.

Time was when a useless gift was considered de rigueur. To give something one could wear or use, something practical, would have been insulting. The counters, at Christmas time, teemed with impossibilities—the veriest "junk"—a crime against good taste and judgment; articles which finally became a joke, a bye-word and just escaped destroying the gift season among sensible folk. But, largely owing to Fashion, a few seasons ago, a revolution took place in the gift world. It became The Thing to give to the friend most highly prized something sensible, something complimentary to her taste and ours. The useful gift has finally come to be considered the only one worthy of the name of Christmas gift. Not necessarily, need such gifts be prosaic—in fact the reverse. The article luxurious for the wardrobe, the dressing table or one for use upon the tea-table of the friend whose wants have become known to us, by daily association, is the most delicate testimony to our heedfulness of her wishes. Even though such giving become a mere exchange of articles identical, how far better prized the gift than the purchase for oneself. The loving association in the thought accompanying the gift is more—far more—than cost. Some article or garment used every day, thus brings its own pleasure whenever used or donned.

This season, more than heretofore, will the useful gift find welcome; and it is a time not for us to curtail giving, but to make a point of giving wisely.

Every inch a queen will be the woman so fortunate as to possess the Imperial ermine cloak, sketched for us at Obrikat's. Created upon lines most sumptuous,

# CRIED—By Violette Ray



is no more a choice of Christ-mas by milady who is aware of the ray. Unusual smoke things among that innumerable men & Bluett's.

Our artist, this panel has up to the waist where it leaving the low necked effect for dinner wear. Bright low upon the skirt, art afternoon gown; and tenuously to the throat line, dress, the skirt appearing broderie, which is done in thread, of an antique and beautiful, and a smart to the costume by long back which extend from the skirt, giving the long desired in the modish hemisette of cloth of gold.

Whom our artist caught a very Chinese doll, dressed in clothes of Chinese

embroidery is a bit too grown-up to play with dolls, but such a doll as that might be coveted by anyone. The bag on the young girl's arm is one of those handsome knitting bags, formed from imported woolen crash in a clear yellow tone, with black patent leather for the top, and abloom upon one side delightful yellow fruity-things with black patent leather leaves and fronds of feathery greenery. The hat is a Collins treasure! The crown and brim are formed from burnt ostrich feathers, and the edge of the brim is bound with tete de negre velvet ribbon. A band of the same ribbon extends around the crown where it becomes a background for a wreath of dainty flowers in shades of brown with delicate green leaves and stamen made from finest silver beads. Beads also form a sort of dew along the winding stems. The Chinese doll, so much admired is but one among a host of lovely Chinese gifts, from the Clayes studios. Created from Chinese embroideries and antique

is also used in the two inch tucks which are set upon the moonglow, by means of hemstitching. A surplice of Georgette forms the upper finish to the camisole, which is upheld by satin ribbons across the shoulders. Upon the waist line and at either side the drawers, bouquets of tiny hand-made silken roses lend their charm to this intimate confection. The boudoir cap which is the confidante of this deliciously feminine creation, is of moon-glow satin with satin ribbon plisse set around the face and used as flouncings up and down the crown. Satin ribbon bows and satin posies set above the ear add to the effectiveness of this lovely cap. Frilled satin garters peep out from near the dimpled knee of the lovely wearer and the mules, or bedroom slippers are of rose satin shirred and set with silken posies. These are but a single set selected with difficulty from among the many alluring boudoir things in those salons which make it a point to keep well supplied with French lingerie, even despite the war.

The girl or woman who drives her own car or who has a friend who sometimes asks her, would rejoice to find in her—well not in her stocking—but in her wardrobe, a motor coat like the one found at Harris & Frank's. Of soft-finished suede, in that rich shade of brown which tobacco is, before it has grown old, this coat is cut on ample lines and is finished as only the best of such garments can be. The bands which extend from shoulder to well below the waist-line, give that silhouette now so popular, and the belt has a novel way of fastening. The side pockets are flanked by pointed bands of leather and these are lined with—"Oh how novel!" you'll exclaim—they are lined with wool tartan; as also is the broad, high collar and in fact the garment has the tartan peeping out from several places in an unexpected way. The buttons are novel and are of suede.

Very Colburn-esque—by that I mean unmistakably made by Colburn's—are the collarette, or shoulder cape and muff of ermine, that our artist has portrayed. The cape, rounded well below the shoulders, is set at interval with ermine tails, and the high, straight tail-less ermine collar is also trimmed with tails. A stole of skunk fur is placed between the high ermine collar and the shoulder cape, and skunk also trims the muff, in a broad full band. The skunk fur stole is rounded at the ends. The cape is lined with satin in a heavenly shade of blue, veiled with white Georgette crepe, and the muff is lined with shirred Georgette. Such a set as this received on Christmas morning would make the day one of glad rejoicing for the fair recipient.



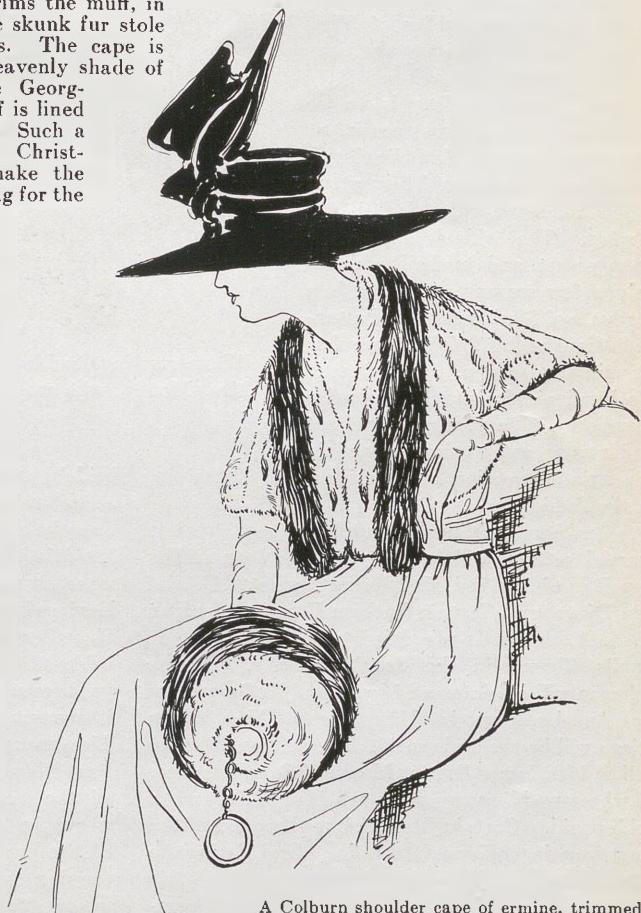
Demure and girlish gaiety are personified in this knit-a-bit frock dansant, with its flower-wreathed, pouting pockets for holding knittery. Follow the yarn and it will lead, without a twist or turn, directly to Bullock's dress section where such smart things abound.



The War Time Efficiency Dress is one which contributes to the wardrobe a multiplicity of uses. An afternoon dress, one to wear upon the street, a dinner gown and one worn for evening are its deft transfigurations. Shown by Myer Siegel & Company.

brocades, are the quaint articles for dressing-table use and for tea-table, as well as for lending to other places in the home a note of color, bright yet harmonious.

The French lingerie salons of Robinson's yielded up the adorable creations pictured on this page. The camisole, if one may coin a name for a thing of nameless beauty, is composed from moon glow satin in that exquisite shade found in sea-shells, which seem to have caught the rosy glow of the fading sunset, on the Pacific's shore. Upon the body of the shimmering garment, could one call anything so fairy-like by so tangible a term, the body which pretends to be camisole and envelope, a turreted applique of Georgette crepe, set on in points forms the flare. Georgette crepe



A Colburn shoulder cape of ermine, trimmed with ermine tails and having a set-on stole of skunk fur; a Colburn muff, ermine and skunk banded—could one imagine a gift more satisfying than such a set as this?

# THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

WITH the rush of war-time which pervades everything these days, and particularly is this true of many of society weddings, another quickly planned marriage will take place this week, uniting Miss Kathleen Kavanaugh of Los Angeles and Lieutenant Egmont F. Koenig. Just the exact day upon which this popular couple will pledge their vows is yet uncertain since Lieutenant Koenig is awaiting leave of absence which, while on the way, has not yet been received, but is expected momentarily. Simplicity will, however, mark every appointment of this wedding which is to be an early morning one, when the day arrives. The ceremony will take place in St. Brendan's chapel on Western avenue with the Rev. Father William Forde, reading the service and nuptial mass. Miss Doreen Kavanaugh will be her sister's only attendant and Lieutenant Sidney Eberle will serve Lieutenant Koenig as best man. The bride will wear her smart going-away frock of navy blue dovytene, a white hat completing the costume. Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast will be served at the Los Angeles home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kavanaugh, of 337 South Serrano avenue, after which Lieutenant Koenig and his bride will leave for their wedding trip. Miss Kavanaugh has for several seasons been one of the popular members of the younger set and is well known in golfing circles, being devoted to the game. However, of late her activities have been given entirely to Red Cross work. Lieutenant Koenig is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Herman Koenig of New York. He is a graduate of Columbia university, where he attained a B. A. and M. A. degree.

An interesting wedding planned for today is that of Miss Katherine Stearns, attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Eldridge Stearns of St. James Park, to Lieutenant Thomas Dockweiler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Dockweiler of West Adams street, which is to take place at St. Vincent's church at 11:30 o'clock. The wedding is to be quietly observed and consistent with the rules of the Catholic church this being the season of Advent, at which time the rules forbid any display. The bride is one of the younger set and made her debut only a few seasons ago. She is a graduate of Marlborough and attended Miss Porter's finishing school at Farmington, Conn. Lieutenant Dockweiler is also one of the popular members of the younger social set and was recently commissioned in the aviation section of the signal corps, training at the Presidio.

Another wedding of much interest, with a martial setting, will be that of Miss Jean Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leverett Miller of San Diego, and Captain Latham Loomis Brundred, U. S. A., which is scheduled to take place in St. Paul's Church in the Southland city. Bishop Johnson will officiate and Mrs. Lloyd E. Greppin, of Los Angeles, formerly Miss Rosene Tripp of San Diego will be the bridesmaid. The matron of honor will be Mrs. James Rupert Mason of San Francisco, at whose wedding two years ago Miss Miller was a bridesmaid. Captain Brundred has been one of the most popular officers in the Southland during the time he has been stationed there and no affair this summer at the Hotel del Coronado has been com-

plete without the attendance of himself and his charming young fiancee.

Another of the hurried war-time weddings which because of the hurried order from Washington took place last Thursday evening, December 6, was that of Miss Katherine Dulcebella Barbour, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Barbour of 1008 West Twenty-second street, and Lieutenant James Gilmore Leovy of San Diego. The marriage was celebrated at the home of the bride's mother and was witnessed by immediate relatives only. The bride was unattended, her cousin, Mr. George Ennis, giving her in marriage and the Rev. Mr. Davidson, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, performed the ceremony. Mr. Conway Perry Barbour, brother of the bride served Lieutenant Leovy as best man. The

First lieutenant in the field artillery.

Unexpectedly pleasing to a host of friends both in Southern California and in the north, where the event took place was the marriage of Miss Mary Hughes, daughter of Mrs. Walter J. Hughes of Los Angeles, to Lieutenant John Shirley Ward, who has just emerged from the Presidio training camp with his rank of lieutenant. The wedding was quietly planned and was witnessed only by the immediate relatives. No engagement had been announced, although it was known to the families and a few of the young couple's most intimate friends. Mrs. Hughes and her three charming daughters, for several months have been occupying a cottage at Carmel-by-the-Sea, and a house party was arranged there for over the Thanksgiving

vacation. The guests including Lieutenant Ward's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Ward of Los Angeles and his sister and brother Katherine and Robertson Ward, who came down from Berkeley. The nuptials were celebrated Thanksgiving Day, and Lieutenant Ward and his bride after a short honeymoon trip will be located for the time being at the Presidio, where the young officer is to be stationed with a company of regulars of the Sixty-second Infantry. The marriage unites two of Southern California's oldest and most prominent families.

Mrs. Hancock Banning was hostess at a delightful afternoon tea last Thursday, December 6, given at the Banning place on Hoover and Thirty-first streets. The affair was to especially compliment her daughter, Mrs. Jack McFarland, who with her husband have been visiting in Los Angeles for a fortnight or more. About seventy guests enjoyed meeting this charming young matron again, whose marriage early in the summer was one of the events of the season. Mr. and Mrs. McFarland are to leave within a few days for Sacramento where they are making their home, Mr. McFarland being secretary to Governor Stephens.

Mr. and Mrs. John Milner of 7 Berkeley Square, left Los Angeles last Friday for New York City. Their visit east at this time was for the express purpose of attending the wedding of Miss Mary A. Thomas of Niles, Ohio, to Mr. James H. Waddell of Pittsburg, Penn. The wedding will take place next Wednesday, December 12, at the Waldorf Astoria and will be elegant in its extreme simplicity.

Only relatives and a few intimate friends are to witness the ceremony. Miss Thomas was Mrs. Milner's only attendant at her marriage a few years ago, coming from her home in Ohio to act as maid of honor, and when she wired Mrs. Milner of her approaching marriage and to come on and be present, hasty preparations were made for the journey. The bride-to-be is a charming girl and made many friends upon her visit to Los Angeles. Mr. Waddell is a wealthy steel man of the smoky city. Mr. and Mrs. Milner will visit the Doheny's both senior and junior in Washington before returning and they will also stop over in Chicago to visit Mr. Milner's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Michod. They plan to return to Los Angeles for New Years Day.



MRS. EARL MOODY

Whose marriage to Lieutenant Moody was an interesting event of yesterday. Mrs. Moody, who was Miss Elsie Behymer, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

L. E. Behymer of Los Angeles

bride's gown was of white lace veiled in filmy tulle, a short veil of tulle caught with blossoms and a bridal bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley completed her dainty costume. Following the ceremony supper was served, the young Lieutenant and his bride leaving immediately after for a honeymoon trip. Since her debut made two or three seasons ago the bride has been one of the popular members of the younger set. She is a graduate of Marlborough and later went abroad for study and is a talented artist. Lieutenant Leovy, is the son of Judge Leovy of San Diego and was one of the younger members of the bar here before leaving for San Diego, where he was one of the prominent attorneys of the southern city prior to leaving for the training camp at the Presidio in San Francisco, where he recently won his commission as

## NEW YORK LETTER

By SHERLEY HUNTER

THE weather, the past couple of days in New York, has made us all feel sorry for poor old Keren-sky, erstwhile hope of Russia, "fugitive" without even an overcoat. The kind of weather that reduces the merchant's sales for Chinee flimsy two-legged nighties and stirs up interest in canton-flannel affairs. The national army in California ought to be mighty glad it is not at the jumping-off place of Long Island—Yaphank.

It's a funny, funny world—this Thanksgiving time—the Czar, his wife and two daughters, living in a flat, hungry for Turkey; yes, and shoes—the kink of Greece out of a job and no money for coal—and Jerusalem preparing for an English Christmas tree—our government "hoovering" over those who put their paunches ahead of their country. The big bird this Thanksgiving will be the aeroplane bird—the birds that will sing next spring, tra la! a merry lay of freedom. When we think of "Peace on earth, good will to men," this year let's think of Palestine, Damascus and the retreating Turks.

The multitude of the demands upon the generosity of New York is bewildering. Here and there infrequent instances of fraud and incompetence tend to tighten pocketbooks and accent the fact that there should be a bureau of judgment and investigation for such enterprises.

District Attorney Swann is investigating a charge that a firm of advertising solicitors who had a recent Hippodrome benefit used high finance methods. Similar to those used in promoting and advertising the Army and Navy Bazaar at the Grand Central Palace. One informant claimed that he had cleaned up \$28,000 from persons who had given his 'sweet girl' solicitors money for tickets which they would not take.

Over \$150,000 was spent in preparing "Hero Land" that opened at the Grand Central Palace Saturday night. All of the parts of the theater, opera and brush have been united to please and mystify. Caruso sang, Tyrone Power with a delegation from "Chu Chin Chow" rode through the streets in Oriental splendor and Governor Whitman delivered a short address. Those who attended walked through real trenches, saw captured German aeroplanes, the wreckage of a Zeppelin, a British tank in action, U-boat torpedoes that missed their mark, trench mortars, torn and bruised British cannon and even a Turkish gun from Gallipoli. Among the thousands of notables present were Governor and Mrs. Whitman, Major General J. Franklin Bell, Brig. General W. H. Wheeler, Brig. General W. A. White of Great Britain, Lady Lister-Kaye, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob H. Schiff, W. Forbes Morgan, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, Marquis and Marquise de Polignac, and Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim, besides hundreds more. Easily this will prove the big event of the season.

"Hero Land" is presented as "The Greatest Spectacle the World Has Ever Seen for the Greatest Need the World Has Ever Known."

Mercie! Everyone, everywhere is of raw meat—the Tiger hasn't been knitting everything, fervently, feverishly given a decent meal for a long, long time."

now without fear of skipping. Last week there was a knitting skating party. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt knitted in the intermission at last Monday night's opera, guest of Mr. and Mrs. Elon Huntington Hooker. This Monday night's opera also saw Mrs. George J. Gould's first appearance in black with pearls. Everyone is sending out an invitation for a soldier or sailor boy for Thanksgiving dinner—if they have no one in the service they send an invitation out anyway. Debutantes will receive presentation by "rolling up their sleeves" for war service.

A murmur was what happened at the Metropolitan Saturday night. It was the murmur of expectancy in "Francesca da Rimini" sung for the second time—its first presentation happened last season at the same opera shop. The first act is a masterpiece with its finale which almost approaches a Verdi movement. BUT—otherwise, woe, woe and again woe—no lyric ecstasy, no direct simplicity of appeal. The orchestral color is good and there is a nice tug of mood—is "tug" all right for criticism of opera? A novice at opera-ing would say that Signor D'Annunzio's complicated libretto raided the melodic gifts of the composer in love and murder. Mme. Alda was a gracious Francesca and Mr. Martinelli a masculine Palo. Roberto Moranzoni conducted.

"A good time for that bull stuff," grinned a hard faced newsboy this afternoon, aiming a thumb at the Metropolitan Opera bulletin. "Carmen" is scheduled for a Thanksgiving Day presentation.

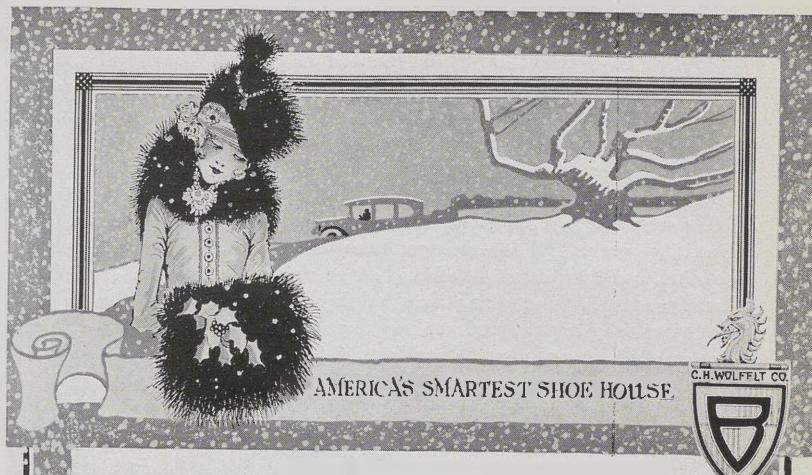
Yvette Guilbert, at the new Theater du Vieux, gives her first recitals this week end. In part of her work she is to interpret the new spirit of France.

Outwardly, the war seems not to have swerved this city in the least. But do not be misled by New York's "outward" and superficial ways—Irv Cobb recently concluded a series of articles entitled "Twixt Bluff and Sound." Beneath the nonchalance New York is pulsing with many differences. In the professions the "comers" and "arriveds" are in the same class with the "has-beens"—clerks who were getting \$25 a week are still getting \$25—while laborers, who formerly received \$4 a day are now getting \$6.50. Young doctors have plenty to do but collections are bad. The Red Cross made the Horse Show and there is no trouble getting seats at grand opera. Hundreds of mansions are closed and their owners living in apartments. A Spanish musicale is the season's theatrical hit and an honest-to-goodness French theater is about to open with actors released from the French trenches. New York is rushing to extremes—a thing is good or bad, a success or failure, and you note stronger demarcations between races. Intensification is the throb of New York's heart this winter—with "window shopping" a great craze.

"What's worse than to be discontented?" asks Tammany.

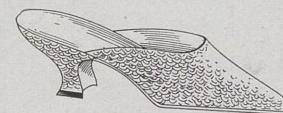
"Why, to be contented, of course!" lisps decrepit old Daddy Knickerbocker.

"Boy, go out and get me a big piece of raw meat—the Tiger hasn't been knitting everything, fervently, feverishly given a decent meal for a long, long time."



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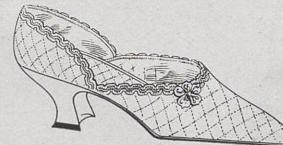
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Black Satin D'Orsey floral embroidered in Pink and Light Green with Pink Satin lining; also in Pink Satin with Pink Satin lining and Red Satin with Red Satin lining.

\$7

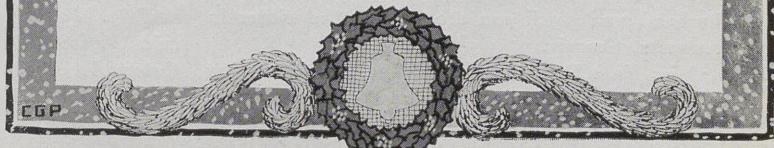
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# THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

THE engagement of Miss Blanche Woodill, daughter of Mr. H. B. Woodill of La Canada to Lieutenant William Dunlap, is of more than ordinary interest to the social world of Los Angeles. The engagement was announced quite recently, after which Lieutenant Dunlap left for Arizona, where he is to have charge of the Canadian recruiting work. No date has yet been set for the wedding, but Lieutenant Dunlap plans to return to Los Angeles for the Christmas holidays. War conditions may take a hand in their plans and as in the case of many recent weddings, Mars may consider it necessary to have the event take place earlier than may have originally been planned.

Mr. and Mrs. John Shirley Ward have returned to their home in Los Angeles after a trip to the northern part of the State. Mr. and Mrs. Ward went north to be present at the wedding of their son Lieutenant John Shirley Ward, Jr. to Miss Mary Hughes, daughter of Mrs. Walter J. Hughes, formerly of Los Angeles, who with her daughters has been residing at Carmel-by-the-Sea. The wedding took place Thanksgiving day and was witnessed by the two families only. Mr. Robertson Ward, who by the way celebrates his coming of age soon, and Miss Katherine Ward, who are students at Berkeley, were down for the wedding.

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Brunswig of Wilton Place, Los Angeles, upon the arrival of a small daughter in their home, over whom there is much rejoicing.

Of interest to a large circle of friends in Los Angeles is the coming marriage of Miss Esther Church, daughter of Mrs. Mabel Church of South Figueroa street, Los Angeles, to Mr. H. W. Van Benschoten of Knoxville, Tenn. The ceremony will take place in St. John's Episcopal church, Washington, D. C., next Wednesday, December 12, at noon. Mrs. Church and her daughter, Miss Esther, left Los Angeles a week or so ago so as to reach the eastern city a day or two before the wedding is to take place. Miss Church and Mr. Van Benschoten met in Washington two years ago, when the former was attending Miss Kinlow's Seminary. The bride-to-be is popular in the younger set here. The bridegroom-to-be has his headquarters in Knoxville, where the young people will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard James Doran who went to New York the first of November, are at their home in West Twenty-seventh street again. Mr. and Mrs. Doran had planned to remain east longer but the illness of Mrs. Doran's father, Mr. Daniel Innes, who is still quite ill, caused them to hurry home.

Mr. and Mrs. Modini Wood and the latter's mother, Mrs. W. H. Perry, who have been making their home in Santa Monica for several months, have come back to Los Angeles and will make their home at the Ansonia apartments during the winter. Mrs. Wood, however, is planning a visit a bit later to her daughter, Mrs. J. Langford Stack, who with her husband and small son are passing the winter in Augusta, Georgia.

Miss Kate R. Thompson of Indiana, is visiting Miss Gertrude Gooding of Westmoreland avenue,

Los Angeles, and is here to pass the winter. Miss Thompson visited Miss Gooding several seasons ago and has a host of friends in Los Angeles who will doubtless make her visit this time delightfully pleasant for her.

Miss Katherine Ramsey of Los Angeles with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Blythe of San Francisco have been passing the past week at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford joined their party and with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Neville have made a jolly coterie at that popular resort.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lindsey of Victoria are there

brother of the bridegroom. Mrs. Roy Malcom, sister of the bride was matron of honor and Mr. Harold Stonier, another fraternity brother of Dr. Moody, served as best man. Mary Louise Behymer and Master Roy Linden Malcom, little niece and nephew of the bride, served as ring-bearers. Mrs. Estelle Heartt Dreyfus, an intimate friend of the family rendered several vocal selections, and Miss Lulu Johns played the wedding march. Following the ceremony, which was witnessed by relatives and a few close friends, Lieutenant Moody and his bride left for a brief wedding trip, after which Dr. Moody will return to San Diego where he is stationed.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Robert Monroe, the latter the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson in West Twenty-eighth street, are again in Los Angeles, arriving in time for Thanksgiving Day's festivities. Lieutenant and Mrs. Monroe motored down from Bremerton and they will probably make their home at Long Beach, where Lieutenant Monroe expects to be stationed. Captain Llewellyn of the British army is on furlough for a short while and will pass the time in Los Angeles and vicinity. First Lieutenant Lloyd Wilson, who is on short furlough, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Wright. The young officer received his insignia at the Presidio.

Rarely attractive was the charity ball given last Wednesday evening, December 5, at Shrine Auditorium by Al Malaikah Temple, Mystic Shrine. These annual charity affairs, of which this was the eleventh given, have proven a success in a social way as well as to provide Christmas cheer for the children of the poor and unfortunate men and women in this city. While Red Cross teas and patriotic affairs find ready response with the social world at this time more particularly, any affair given for the benefit of the needy in Los Angeles, always meets with instant favor, and so the big charity ball of last week was quite as successful both socially and financially as any previously given. The Christmas tree for poor children will be held Saturday evening, December 22 at Shrine Auditorium.

One of the charming arrivals in Los Angeles is that of Mrs. Claire A. P. Duffie of San Francisco, who with her wee daughter, Jacqueline, is visiting Mrs. Duffie's mother, Mrs. William J. Chichester of South Wilton Place. Lieutenant Duffie is in France and Mrs. Duffie plans to pass the winter with her mother. Another interesting visitor from the north, who will pass the winter in Los Angeles is the house guest of Mrs. Madison Stewart of West Adams street, Mrs. F.

H. Conant of Berkeley. Mr. and Mrs. Val Paul will have as their house guest for a month, Mr. Paul's mother, Mrs. J. Paul of Prescott, Arizona. Mrs. A. H. Stiles of Texas and New York is another welcome visitor in the city just now. Mrs. Stiles is a recent bride and is visiting her mother-in-law, Mrs. E. Stiles of the Ansonia apartments. Mrs. Stiles, who before her marriage was Miss Dorothy Eckhart, visited here and in Pasadena a year or two ago and received much attention socially at that time. Mr. and Mrs. E. Newberry of Carlton way, Hollywood, are entertaining the former's sister, Mrs. Katherine Waddell of El Paso, Texas.



Lon Goodale Bigelow

## MISS MADALIEN PURDON

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Purdon of Magnolia Avenue who spent several weeks at Coronado during the summer

for the winter, and other guests include Mr. and Mrs. John Rittenhouse of New York, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Stitt of Kobe, Japan, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Baker, of Tacoma; H. S. Harkness and wife of New York; Mr. and Mrs. William H. Wood of San Francisco. Mrs. Henry Fisher and daughter, Miss Katherine and her friend Miss Natalie Wynne of Redlands have been enjoying a short sojourn there prior to sailing for the Orient.

Last evening the wedding of Miss Elsie Behymer and Dr. Moody was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Behymer in Carondelet street. The double ring ceremony was performed by Prof. Tully C. Knowles, fraternity

Mrs. and Mrs. Lawrence Peters of 954 Elden avenue have as their house guests, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Graham of Memphis, Tenn. Dr. and Mrs. Graham arrived in Los Angeles in time to pass Thanksgiving with their hosts. Mrs. Graham is a sister of Mr. Peters. These charming visitors from the South plan to stay in Los Angeles about a month and a number of social courtesies are to be extended them during their sojourn.

One of the charmingly arranged affairs planned for this week is the large dinner party with which Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys will entertain Wednesday evening, December 12 at Beverly Hills Hotel. The tables will be adorned with pretty floral centerpieces and it is whispered that on one large round table in a mound of roses there will rest a birthday cake lighted with tapers in commemoration of the hostess natal day. More than one hundred guests have been invited for the delightful occasion. Following the dinner a musical program will be given for the entertainment of the guests. Mrs. Van Nuys will be assisted in entertaining by her two daughters, Mrs. Richard Jewett Schweppe and Mrs. James Rathwell Page and by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Benton Van Nuys.

From a large list of Los Angelans who passed Thanksgiving day and the last week-end at Hotel del Coronado, it is evident that this delightful resort in the Southland possesses a lure and charm for society folk. Of course the attractions at Camp Kearny and the Army and Navy contingent at Coronado is of particular interest at this time. The ball given at Hotel del Coronado Saturday evening a week ago was one of the most beautifully appointed affairs of the season. The spacious ballroom was thronged with women beautifully gowned and charming debutantes, while the officers from the various Army and Navy Camps in the vicinity added to the gay scene, the white and blue uniforms of the Naval officers with their bands of gold braid and insignia forming a bright touch of color to the sedate though natty khaki uniforms of the Army and Aviation officers. Three gallant young English officers, Major V. C. I. Dashwood, Captain R. T. Pinto and Captain R. H. Banon, who are here, stationed temporarily at Camp Kearny, instructing and giving their valued assistance in telling of their experience in the War Zone and in the trenches, wore dark blue uniforms which were especially attractive with broad stripes of red on the trouser seams and ropes of gold bullion adorning their coats. The Major in the English Army wears a gold Crown on his shoulder strap while the Captain has three gold stars. These young officers were especial guests of honor at the dinner given preceding the ball by Lieutenant and Mrs. Robert Gilpin Ervin at Hotel del Coronado, other guests including Rear Admiral William F. Fullam, U. S. N., Lieutenant Walker White and Mrs. White and Mrs. L. C. Bertollette.

One of the most attractive dinner parties of the evening was that with which Mr. John Hernan honored Major Henry J. Damm and Mrs. Damm. Major Damm is the new commander at the Rockwell Field Aviation Camp of North Island, succeeding Brig. General A. L. Dade recently transferred to Washington, D. C. The dinner table was arranged

in the breakfast room, an immense aeroplane built of flowers centering the table, the great white wings and planes being covered with scarlet carnations white roses, violets and ropes of smilax. Dainty novelties formed the place favors and hand painted sketches of aeroplanes in flight marked places for about thirty-five guests.

Among those from Los Angeles, who have recently visited at Hotel del Coronado were Mrs. William T. McFie of West Twenty-ninth street and her son, Mr. Maynard McFie, who motored down for Thanksgiving. They also visited at Camp Kearny. Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Stolz accompanied by Colonel and Mrs. A. S. Burgess and Miss Muriel Burgess of Winnipeg, Canada were also week-end guests. Another merry party included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maxon with their attractive daughter, Miss Wynne Maxon and Mr. J. W. Kays. Mrs. Cummings B. Jones and Mrs. Charles C. Parker motored down to Hotel del Coronado, passing a day or two there and then going on to El Centro for a visit of several days. En route home they stopped for another brief sojourn at Coronado. Mrs. Dwyer Ives of Pasadena and her daughter, Miss Charlotte Ives accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby and Mr. Jeffry K. Armsby of San Francisco formed another jolly party to motor down to this favorite resort for Thanksgiving and the weekend. There is an especial attraction in the Southland for the Armsby's as their son, Lieutenant Edwin Raymond Armsby is stationed with the Grizzlies at Camp Kearny. Preceding the ball the Armsby's entertained with a dinner Party at the hotel their guests including Mrs. Ives, Miss Ives, Miss Elizabeth Buckingham of Pasadena, Lieutenant Dudley Sweeny, Lieutenant Howard Martin, Lieutenant P. S. Finnell and Lieutenant Armsby. One of the frequent guests at Hotel del Coronado where he makes his headquarters when the Oregon is in port in San Diego is Lieutenant Hugo Johnstone, U. S. N., of Pasadena and Los Angeles. Lieutenant Johnstone has recently received his appointment as senior aide on the personal staff of Rear Admiral William F. Fullam, U. S. N.

Much interest is being taken in the Shrine Auditorium ball which will be given on the evening of Thursday, December the 13th under the auspices of the Uplifters of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. This year the Children's Department of the Selwyn Emmett Graves Memorial Dispensary, located at 737 North Broadway, is to receive the proceeds of the Christmas Benefit. The Graves Memorial Dispensary has been operating since 1885 under the kind and generous guidance of a group of medical men who donated their services, and today it is the largest Dispensary for out patients or ambulant persons in the city. The Children's Department of this Dispensary does an especially big work looking after the correction of physical defects such as tonsils and adenoids. The Uplifters hope with the proceeds to raise enough money to enable the Children's Department to receive much better equipment and facilities than it now has, for its work. The Uplifters promise an evening not only of pleasure in the way of dancing, but one of especial interest because of the large number of specialties which will be introduced.

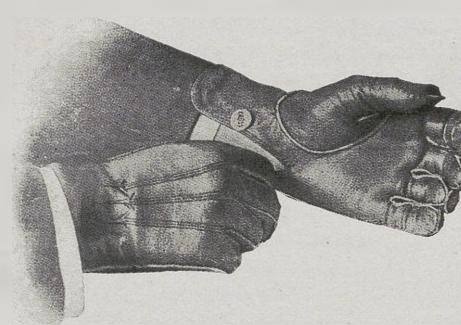
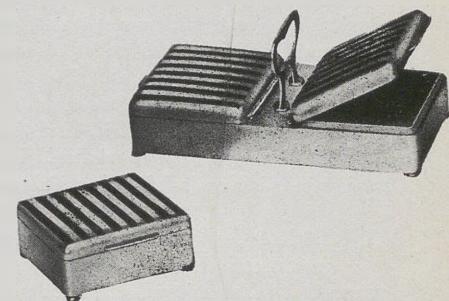


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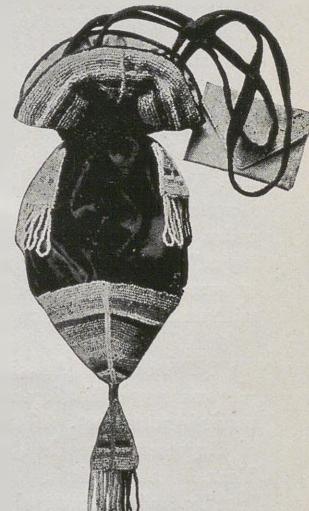
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# NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By. W. FRANCIS GATES

THE next artist on the Philharmonic Course will be Eugene Ysaye, on Tuesday evening December 11, and Saturday matinee, December 15. This distinguished Belgian violinist has always been a favorite with the American public since his first tour years ago. Four years ago, when Manager Behymer bid this famous artist and life-long friend farewell, they both considered it the last adieu—for Ysaye had decided that he had travelled sufficiently, and that he should retire to his beloved Brussels and enjoy his family and a well earned competence. He had barely reached his home, when his country was wrecked before his very eyes, his investments, which had been in municipal securities, were things of the past, and for weeks Ysaye devoted every hour of the day and half the night to assisting in assembling the country's forces. He gave his own three sons, and later, when the boys were in the trenches, played by the hour for them and provided as many as possible with sweets and tobacco. When the major portion of Brussels was evacuated Ysaye went to London, and later came to America to virtually start his artistic life over. The concerts during the last two years have been revelations—each has been a gem in itself—whereas there were days when Ysaye might have seemed to neglect his great gift, now every note is perfection, having in addition to the fine musicianship of the artist, the deepened and strengthened humanity of the man. Each program at Trinity Auditorium will be entirely different, and at the matinee concert he has asked his friend of thirty-five years, with whom he used to play in Brussels, Christiaan Timmner, to join him in the Bach Double Concerto for two violins. It will be a rare treat to hear these two artists in this wonderfully beautiful number.

HAROLD Bauer, the well known pianist, has not been in Los Angeles in four years. In the meantime he has enjoyed a tremendous vogue in the East, and has become the favorite pianist of the public and musicians alike. He will be heard in one concert at Trinity Auditorium next Thursday evening, December 13th, giving a program of extreme beauty, unshackled and interesting. It is given in detail herewith for the benefit of those who enjoy studying the numbers before they are presented by the artist. Program: Prelude and Fugue in E Minor, op. 35, Mendelssohn; Sonata in E Flat, op. 81 (*Les adieux l'absence et le retour*) Beethoven; Fantasiestucke, op. 12, Des abends; Aufschwung; Warum; Grillen; In der Nacht; Fabel; Traumes-wirren; Ehre vom Lied, Schumann; La Cathedrale engloutie; Les collines d'Anacapri, Debussy; Paganini Etude No. 2 in E Flat, Liszt; Nocturne in F Sharp, op. 15, Scherzo in B Flat Minor, op. 31, Chopin.

DESIDER Josef Vecsei was the first soloist of the Symphony Concert, and played the fifth piano Concerto by Saint-Saens. His home was in Paris until the war started, where he gave a number of concerts. During a stay in Aix-Les-Bains, where he went to play for the King of Greece, he met the great French composer, Saint-Saens. Mr. Vecsei has been decorated by the French Government with the First class Palm'd'Academie order, with the title "Officer L'Instruction Publique." Mr. Vecsei has played in New York and in numerous cities in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast, being received with unusual favor at every concert.

AND now Los Angeles is to have a section of the new "National Conservatory of Music and Art"—which title rather leaves the inference that music is not an art. All this is to happen when the bill introduced in the House of Representatives last session by Congressman Henry Bruckner, of New York, becomes a law.

Under the terms of this bill the headquarters of the Conservatory will be in the District of Columbia, with branches in New York city, Chicago and Los Angeles. The latter is to accommodate the pupils from the territory west of the Dakota—Nebraska—Texas line. A pupil from El Paso must go to Washington; one from New Mexico or Denver must come to Los Angeles.

Los Angeles need not rush their applications for the presidency of the Conservatory board, as that is handed out by the President of the United States; but they may begin to pull wires for appointment on the board of regents, which pays \$10 a day. (I am going to try to get my application in one day ahead of Charley Edson and Alexander Stewart.)

But on further thought, why should I? There is no clause carrying an appropriation, and of what good is a National Conservatory without an appropriation commensurate with its name, purpose and regents? The bill calls for a building in Los Angeles which shall have "thirty study rooms capable of accommodating fifty pupils each, for instruction in music". It does not say whether the pupils shall be segregated into fifties of piano, voice,

violin, etc., or whether they shall be mixed up, *a la hash*. Possibly, however, the intention is to have fifty pianists practicing in one room, fifty singers in the other, fifty fiddlers in the next, and so on. I can figure out fifty ukulelists in one room (windows nailed up) but I can not figure out the arrangement for fifty pipe organists, unless a multiple instrument were constructed, with keyboards around the wall. Now we will see which newspaper first comes out with a prospective drawing of the building of the National Conservatory of Music (and Arts) of Los Angeles.

WAS it the efficiency of the bargain counter that was shown at the second Ornstein recital, or was it a demonstration that sensation is a stronger drawing card than music? For the attendance at the second recital was about one-fifth that of Ornstein's initial appearance here. The first recital was given on a course of entertainments and the second stood on its own merits. You buy a ticket to seven concerts and you religiously go to all of them to get your money's worth. I think that has more to do with the matter than has the feature of exhausted sensationalism. There's no doubt but a certain curiosity was aroused by eastern reports of the oddities of Ornstein's personality and his pianistic heterodoxies. And there is rather a suspicion that Mr. Ornstein is not unaware of the value of these to his box office. But the second audience showed either that the drawing power of sensation was exhausted in one concert, or that noise on the piano, novel though it may be, is not so great an attraction as music. Mr. Ornstein had laid aside many of the mannerisms with which he originally was credited and there is left of them only a gesticulation

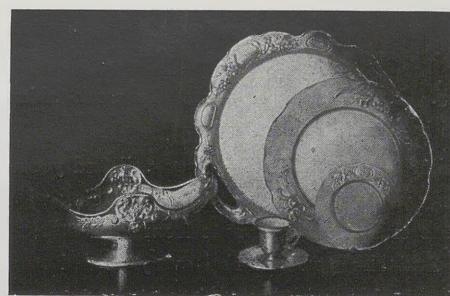
of the back-bone, so to speak, a sort of sinuous wriggle at intense moments. Nothing sensational about that; one is entitled to wriggle all over if one can play as well as Ornstein. Stuff your fingers in your ears if you want to, while he plays his pianistic "Anger" or Funeral March or Wild Men's Dance. But don't forget to take them out when it is Schumann he plays, or Debussy. It is one of the oddities of the Ornstein make-up that he should play Schumann most delightfully, but into equally delicious moments of Chopin should introduce pauses, ritards, rubatos not warranted by text, tradition or taste. Not many of the performers play with the exquisite delicacy of touch, nicety of sentiment and gradations of nuance that this young man used in his Schuman and Debussy. In fact, I think it would be only de Pachmann that is in the same class—and Pachmann has been said to be on the narrow line between genius and irresponsibility. As to Ornstein's own compositions, no one can play them as he can, and certainly few (save would-be oddities—of which we have a few in Los Angeles) would want to. He has his musical moments in his "sonata" in his "Grief" and in his Berceuse—beautifully characteristic moments. But he can not long get away from his beloved shrieking discords, his lack of melody, his seeming contempt for beauty. One could get used to this kind of "music" but, after the process, one would be satisfied only with an orchestra of drums, cymbals and gongs. In short, one's appreciation for the beautiful, one's discrimination as to tonal values, one's joy in the work of the masters of the

past—all would be lost in the acquired taste for the brutality of strident cacophony. I am inclined to think that, in time, Mr. Ornstein may swing away from his present extreme and turn to the beneficent side of art; with maturity and mellowness of time coming to the belief that his wonderful ability—one almost can say "most wonderful"—will be turned to the service of heightening the aesthetic instincts, rather than, as now, given to obtunding the finer nature.

WITH fifteen stars on its U. S. service flag, the Orpheus club opened its season with a chorus of but forty-five singers; but in spite of this reduced number, there was no loss in the spirit of its performance. Owing to being seated out from under the sonorous penumbra of the overhanging gallery—which position did not allow of the reception of any body of tone or brilliancy in the case of the Ellis club concert, some time since—owing to this, the effect of the Orpheus singing was all the more virile by contrast. The most interesting numbers came first on the program. Sullivan's *Beleaguered* and Ruffner's *Lights o' Cowtown* and these were given with seemingly as much volume as when the club had its full registration. On the other hand, a little topical song by Rogers was presented with a piquancy that caused its demand. In Metzger's *My Dream Thou Art*, Lawrence Tibbett had the incidental solo and sang it with a free mellow voice that showed great possibilities. The soloist of the concert was Mrs. Helen M. Barnett. She sang an aria from Debussy with a light but well educated voice and an excellent pronunciation. Mrs. Barnett evinced brains and good schooling in her singing.



DESIDER JOSEF VECSEI  
Who was the soloist at the first Symphony Concert



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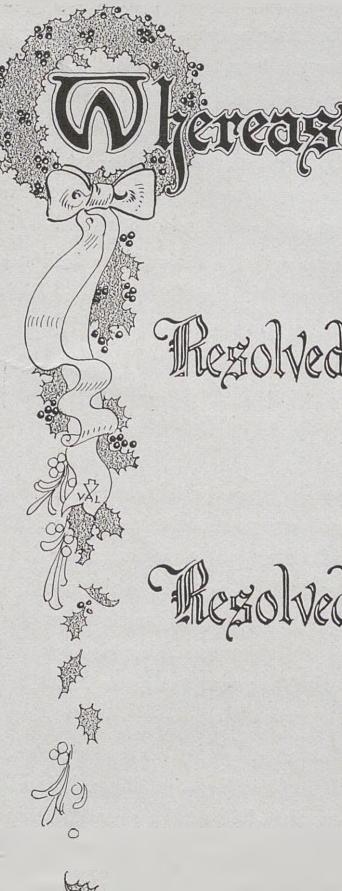
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Mrs. Champney is the author of *The Romance of the Feudal Chateaux*, *The Romance of the Bourbon Chateaux*, *The Romance of French Abbeys*, *Roman Villas*, and *Imperial Rome*.

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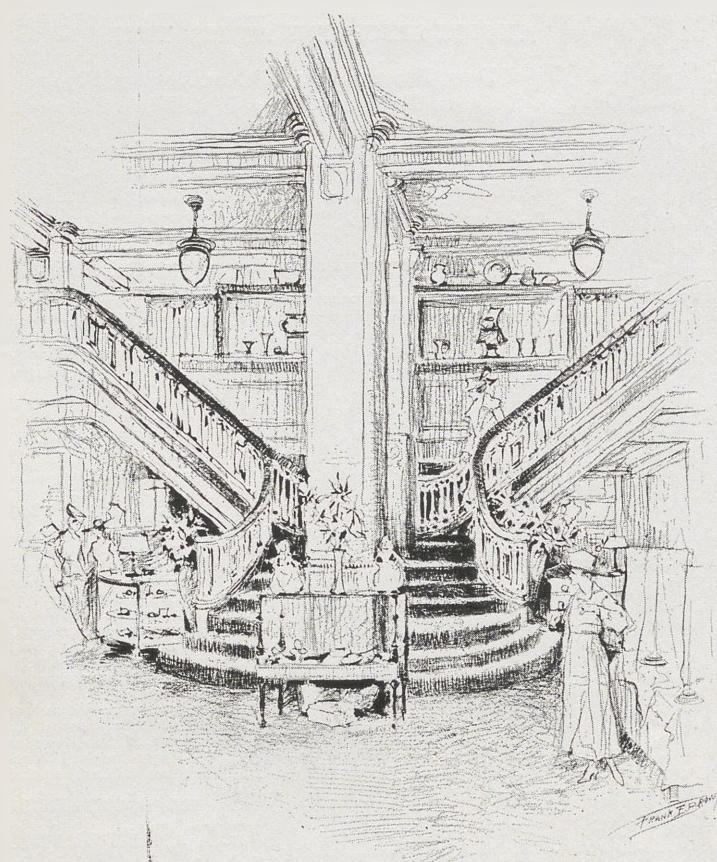
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# TELESCOPING HILL AND BROADWAY

By VIOLETTE RAY



Grand Stairway—Bullock's Hill Street Store

**B**ULLOCK'S has telescoped Hill and Broadway! To telescope is to bring an object nearer; it is to push together; it is again—to make a point more brilliant, by focussing thereon—all of these has been done by Bullock's.

First, the space between Hill and Broadway has been bridged and bridged again, practically rendered nil. Every woman knows that it is far farther to walk a block along a sidewalk than to traverse it inside an attractive store, with articles of interest to divert the thought from the mere act of locomotion. To enter Bullock's Broadway front and pass along, either on the level, or from the second floor, out through those novel bridges and to find oneself suddenly on Hill street, is like annihilating space. It is thus—by easy stages—by means unnoticeable—that Hill has been brought near to Broadway; in fact these streets have been deftly telescoped—pushed one into another.

At the Hill street end of the telescope, has occurred the brilliant coup that fulfills the other definition of the term "telescope"; to make a point more brilliant. Bullock's Hill street store is in truth a Gift Shop. It scintillates with gifts. Counter after counter, each aglow with gifts which are the product of some original, happy thought make this shop "a point more brilliant"—a place which to the searching eye of Christmas gift intention is one of glad enlightenment.

The store has been transformed from its first effect of rather chilly greeting, and one is met even at the sidewalk with a joyous welcome. The Hill street windows are singularly open-hearted, affording to the eye an unimpeded vision of the tempting treasures inside the store. The cases, in which are displayed the wondrous stock of gift-solving articles, are novel in construction and each presents an array of things so very different from usual as to prove inspiring to the most dull imagination. A veritable promptuary to the Christmas gift list this place is, in fact.

With soft, thick carpets beneath the feet one is led along, the gaze magnetized, from cabinet to cabinet of alluring, gifty things, until one is face to face with the grand stairway which has been installed at the rear of the spacious first floor salon.

This stairway leads gently to the broad mezzanine where are housed the cut glass treasures and the garnered wealth of wares from potteries and china kilns. A trysting place for rare objects of art and craftsmanship, this mezzanine is unique. The Hill street mezzanine front is given over to those who learn and work with needles. A busy, earnest band may be found there daily,

fabricating things with needles. Broad daylight floods the work-tables—an advantage much appreciated by needle women.

Thus, should you enter Bullock's from Hill street, you will find yourself from the very first in a whirl of delightful attractions, corresponding with a high class foreign fair, where the craftsmen contribute from their stocks of wares original and beautiful. And also you will find every needed means for the consummation of the hand-making of home gifts. Such an array of materials for making hand-bags, such multitudes of handles of every sort, from the plainest metallic ones to be wound with yarn or fabric, to those set with semi-precious stones! Silver, gold and bronze bag-frames look with scorn upon their less fortunate neighbors, which in their turn believe themselves enlisted in a better cause, since they draw out originality in those whom they are intended to supply.

Looked at thus, the novel telescope does more than to bring Hill Street to Broadway. It serves to bring nearer the solution of the Christmas problem for those who visit in the Bullock gift shop.

Another feature of the new Hill street store is that it serves to bring to completion that perfection of service which is a dream of Bullock's.

All the working space formerly utilized in the Broadway building for office and package rooms, for stock and welfare quarters for the host of employees, has now been liberated to the use of the Broadway building since the Hill street structure—all except the first floor and the mezzanine—are given over to those purposes. This allows of the extension, in the original store, of those departments which have long needed to stretch out to fulfill their obligations—to enable them to keep up with the fast growing increase in patronage.

There are two ways of approach to the new annex from the Broadway side. One is to ascend by elevator to the second floor, where you may pause awhile at the newly removed Book Nook to fill out your list of Christmas-gifting books ere you betake yourself across the bridge to the mezzanine on Hill street. The Gift Spirit greets you on the bridge which is set along either side with practical articles for Christmas giving.

If you so wish, you may pass through the Court on the ground floor, entering the Hill street annex thus.

However you approach, you will agree that Bullock's has telescoped Hill street and Broadway—regard whichever way you will the definition of "telescope."



This way out across the bridge between Bullock's Broadway store and the new annex on Hill Street

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## WEEK IN SOCIETY

Quite a large contingent of Los Angelans have been making Del Mar, that picturesque coast resort to the south their mecca these days, when motoring has had all the zest that perfect weather can inspire. Among the prominent folk from Los Angeles and vicinity who have been sojourners at the Stratford Inn, there, during the last week or ten days, are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newton, Mrs. C. L. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Nolan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cutler, Miss Mary Post, S. F. Cutler, Allan Cutler, Mr. and Mrs. Zard and Miss Zard, H. F. McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. Geiman, Miss Sue Barnwell, Miss Carolyn Ware, Miss Harriet Robbins, Miss Beatrice Gale, Dr. and Mrs. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Wilson, Miss Margaret Plato, Miss Lois Crosby, Mrs. D. M. Brooks, H. B. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Webb, all of Los Angeles. Pasadenaans included Mrs. Walter Murphy, Mrs. Ben Williams, Miss Ruby Kimble, Mr. Everet Gardener, Mr. and Mrs. Chaffee, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. E. F. Simmonds and Miss Edith Bennett.

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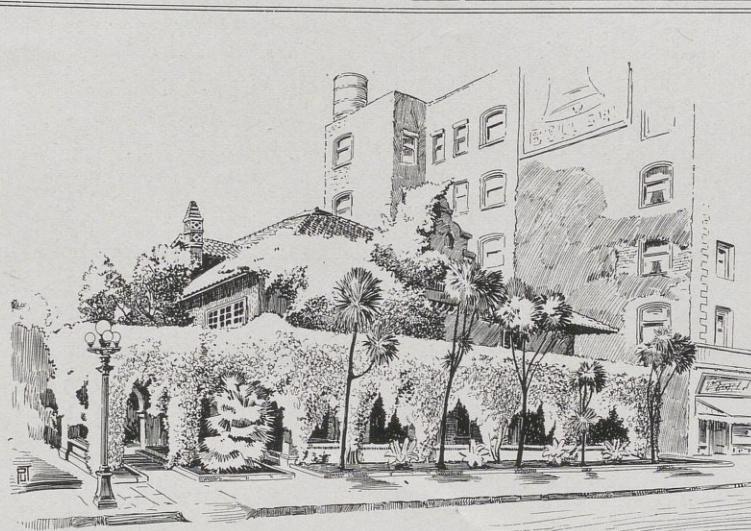
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A Los Angeles woman of means said recently: "I am troubled, burdened and worried with the management of my affairs. My time is so completely occupied in attending to troublesome details that I have absolutely no time for social life. I crave time for recreation, pleasure and self-improvement, but, although I have the means, I seem to be deprived of everything worth while."

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# PLAYS AND PLAYERS

SATURDAY, December 15th, will be a red letter day in the annals of Los Angeles theaterdom, as it marks the opening of the most beautiful photodramatic playhouse in the west—the new Kinema Theater at Seventh and Grand Avenue. Fittingly coincident with this grand opening of the palatial temple of the silent drama, is the premiere presentation there of Cecil B. De Mille's gigantic cinema classic, "The Woman God Forgot," featuring the incomparably fascinating Geraldine Farrar. Opening night at the Kinema should prove one of the most brilliant social events of the season. Mr De Mille will make the dedicatory address, and many of the leading stars of both stage and screen will be present—several hundred in all. Special boxes have been reserved for Mayor Woodman, Willian S. Hart, David Wark Griffith, Thomas H. Ince, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Julian Eltinge, and their parties, the dramatic editors of the Los Angeles daily newspapers and their parties, and many other distinguished guests. Before the opening curtain, the first night patrons will be allowed to stroll through the theater, and admire its numerous artistic details, such as the massive drawing room in taupe and purple, the richly appointed foyer, milady's room in silver, black and old rose, and the loge section with its sumptuously upholstered club lounging rooms. "The Woman God Forgot" marks a distinctive step forward in the evolution of the photodrama in the splendor of its scenic effects and the gorgeousness of its costuming. The story itself deals in a new way with one of the strangest enigmas in American history, revealing how a woman sold her country for the love of one man, her infamous action tending considerably toward a twisting of the outlines of the world's map. Geraldine Farrar in portraying this role, rises to the very heights of dramatic intensity. One of the most notable casts ever assembled in one production support Miss Farrar, and includes such stars of the first magnitude as Wallace Reid, Hobart Bosworth, Raymond



Geraldine Farrar, Theodore Kosloff, Wallace Reid and Raymond Hatton who appear in the premiere of *The Woman That God Forgot* at the new Kinema Theatre

Hatton, James Neill and Theodore Kosloff of the Imperial Russian Ballet, seen here recently at the Orpheum Theater. This remarkable story was written by Miss Jeanie Macpherson, author of "The Romance of the Redwoods," and many of the most vital and successful photodramas produced from the Lasky crucible. A rather unique innovation, all through the run of "The Woman God Forgot," will be the showing of the first two-reel film ever made, in contrast with this film masterpiece. However, from mam'selle's standpoint, a most important feature will be the displaying on beautiful living models, the lavish costumes worn by Geraldine Farrar throughout the production. A corps of Filipino ushers in full evening dress will attend the seating of the crowds. A Robert-Morton unit pipe organ will peal forth its welcome, the soft lighting and shading effects will glorify the scene, and the Kinema Theater will start on its career.

THE Amateur Players' Club offered three one-act plays to a delighted audience which filled every seat at the Gamut Club House on Saturday House, December 1st. The opening play, "The Only Son," was a strikingly effective presentation. Mr. Orrin King, as Michael Slovac; Miss Marjorie Sinclair, as Anna his wife, and Mr. Wendell C. Wilson as Luca Prochodiaka, composed the cast, and their interpretation was an excellent one. The stage setting was simply but artistically arranged. Miss Sinclair as Anna showed genuine histrionic power. Anna is a part requiring very careful handling—the character of the timid, ignorant peasant woman being difficult of portrayal

without the danger of over-doing the part. Her mother-love, with her environment of suppression and the playing of a double part, must be suggested, rather than made prominent, and Miss Sinclair very skillfully acted the role along these lines. Mr. King made an acceptable Michael Slovac, although at times a trifle tempestuous. His vigor, however, made a sharp and not unpleasing contrast to the timidity and helplessness of Anna. Mr. Wilson's part of Luca Prochodiaka, the deserted son, was well taken and, in fact, the little playlet might have been a picture from one of Dostoeffsky's stories. The finale was vivid, yet not strained, and the audience was generous in well-merited applause.

O'Flaherty, V. C., was the second play shown, and Mr. John S. Vallely in the leading role was consistently and Hibernically witty and whimsical. Mrs. Guy Cochran, as O'Flaherty's mother, shared the honors of the production. Mrs. Tyler Henshaw was a piquant parlor maid and General Madigan, as played by Dr. Montague-Maddock, completed the ensemble. Shaw's sarcasms anent the war and as to England are eaten in with his own particular brand of acid. They would sound better after the war is over; and much better now from a man whose personal safety and opportunities for money-making were not guarded by the British navy. However, the wit is there, and especially the perversity of wit; the sheer, facet-like brilliancy of bantering persiflage. O'Flaherty's Victoria Cross is rather a joke to him. So is the war, his mother, and General Madigan's views on the war. But he is imperturbably witty over it all. Mrs. O'Flaherty is invincibly Irish. The "Sassenach" is always her enemy. She fondly imagines that her son is fighting against the English, and that he must yield to her every whim as instantly and unfailingly as when he was a mere bit of a gossoon. Mrs. Cochran gave

a most amusing and typical presentation of the character, and was warmly applauded for her acting. The "flare-up" between Mrs. O'Flaherty and Theresa Driscoll was one of the gems of the performance and, coupled with the futile efforts of O'Flaherty and General Madigan to restore peace, provided a delicious bit of broad comedy. With two quarreling women refusing to be reconciled, no wonder O'Flaherty pines for "the peace and quiet of the trenches."

"Food," a satire on the high cost of living, by William C. De Mille, introduced the magic egg, and its sacredness as an article of diet. The parts were taken by Mr. Douglas Gerard, Mrs. Irwin J. Muma—who was particularly effective in her rendition of the role of the wife—and Mr. Eric Campbell, of the Charlie Chaplin Company. This rollicking satire was enjoyed to its utmost by the audience, and wound up the evening's stage performance with a whirl of laughter and applause.

THE Community Players of Pasadena played "The Man from Home," by Booth Tarkington, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Thanksgiving matinee, and Saturday matinee, December 1st. The audiences were exceedingly appreciative, and the cast proved entirely adequate. The main honors were taken by Gilmor Brown in the character of Daniel Voorhees Pike; Ethel Granger Simpson, played by Eloise Sterling, and Lady Creech, played by Vail Hobart. Mariano, the servant, was very cleverly done by Adrien Westley, while the Comtesse de Champigny, by Virginia Lykins; Lord Hawcastle, played by Wendell Wilson, and the Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch by Orrin Knox,

(Continued on page 31)

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# SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

"Books were his chiefest friends; in them he read  
Of those great spirits who went down like suns,  
Yet left, upon the mountain-tops of death  
A light that made them lovely."

THESE seem to be "fat" years for anthologies. Almost every other crescent moon brings us a new collection, either in prose or verse. They are like most things mundane, good, bad and indifferent, and are of interest from many view points and for various reasons, a few which we can not but be particularly and especially interested in one that has appeared from the press of A. C. McClurg, entitled *Golden Songs of the Golden State* and compiled by Marguerite Wilkinson. It is, as the name would imply, a collection of California verse and selected as only a daughter of California (either by birth or adopted) could select it. Mrs. Wilkinson is the latter, but lived in the "Golden State" many years and calls it "home"; also she is herself a poet, and has done much important work in *Belles Lettres*. The *Golden Songs* are divided into three parts—*Pioneer Voices*, *Voices of Great Singers* and *Living Voices*—and has touched upon the romance, hardship and heroism of the early padres and later pioneers, the dash and flare of the "fortyniners", and the wondrous wealth of beauty found only in the "Sunset Land". She has unearthed many rare and almost unknown bits of beauty, for which there will doubtless be many who will "rise up and call her blessed"; for do we not all find ourselves haunted many times and oft by lines of a poem which would insist upon eluding our memories and refuse to "complete" itself? And also she has introduced (to me at least) a number of beautiful new poems. There are many I should like to quote but space forbids. This *Forest Couplets* is delightfully colorful.

Beneath a redwood let me lie  
And all its harmonies unte.

Melodic sequences of spray  
And bough and trunk in rich array;

Chromatic hue and tint and shade  
Of beryle, emerald and jade;

Cadenzas, day-dreams that enfold  
The padres, argonauts and gold;

Soft passing notes, the tones that tell  
Of poppy-field and mission bell;

With sea-wind cadences that blow  
In dominant arpeggio,

Resolving into chords full blent  
Of solace, peace, and calm content.

CLARENCE UEMY

And this one, called *California*  
Blue, blue, April blue—

A drift of white, and a rift of blue,  
A dream of white and a gleam of blue,  
Blue, blue, blue!

Gold, gold, poppies' gold,  
A flare of gold, and a glare of gold,  
A hint of green, and a glint of gold,  
Gold, gold, gold!

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Truly *Golden Songs of the Golden State* is an unusually worthwhile contribution to the book world. A. C. McClurg Co.

THREE Short Plays by Granville Barker are entitled respectively, *Rococo*, *Vote by Ballot*, and *Farewell to the Theatre*. Each is cleverly written, and here and there will be found some exceedingly bright dialogue. This, however, is the exception, not the rule. All of the plays have an English setting, and each is charged with that particular brand of English humor which is so difficult for American audiences to grasp. There is a great deal of stage direction in *Rococo*—nearly half the space being occupied with directions—and there is a liberal supply of the same material in *Vote By Ballot*. Apparently no actor or actress in either of these two plays is to be allowed any individual latitude

in the enactment of their roles. Truth to tell, these little plays read somewhat tediously, although it is quite possible they may find admirers—in England.

Little, Brown & Co.

**T**HE Heart of a Puritan is a great addition to Puritaniana. Of late years it has been the vogue to regard the Puritans of New England as a band of fanatics that verge upon the inhuman. Remembering their cruelties and sternness, we discount their virtues and the "Mayflower" is little more than a carrier of pedigrees and antique furniture. Dr. Hanscom has taken the trouble to go through endless files of documents in search of the Puritan heart, and, moreover, she has found it. This Anthology of Puritan letters that she has given us shows the gentler and more whimsical side of early New England life. It is nice to know that Governor John Winthrop "took his sweet children into his arms and embraced them". Mrs. Winthrop did not go kissless either for that matter. At the Hartford settlement were stored prodigious quantities of "biscott, flower, peas, beife, porke, butter and other provisions". So the Pilgrim Father had a tummy after all, hooray! Puritan remedies

were heroic. Black Powder was good against 'ye plague, small pox, purples, feavers and Poysen'. A doctor could take no fee from a patient unless he (the patient) was benefited. Figs and ginger were good if eaten often, against 'hoarsnes'. The 'consumtive coff' had to surrender before the effectiveness of a decoction of 'lignum vitae, horehound, an milk from a red cow'. Mr. Mather naively sets down his narrow escape from the ardor of a 'Young Gentlewoman' and tells us how kind Heaven directed him into the arms of a 'Lovely Person'. Little Jane Coleman is admonished not to eat green apples and Miss Anna Green Winslow spins '30 knots of linning yarn'. Let us hope that this is not nautically speaking. The diary of a college Freshman is great. He soon 'fits with the Sophomores' and when Prexy is ill, he tells us that much deviltry in college results. This little volume is valuable since it gives us more light on the human side of the Puritan. The stern people who risked the dangers of a New World to found a Kingdom of God had in their lives more than Hell-babbling and Witch-baiting. Dr. Hanscom's book will be well received by students and the more frivolous minded should find much entertainment therein as well. *The Heart of a Puritan* by Elizabeth Deering Hanscom Ph. D. The Macmillan Company. W. V. W.

**G**ERMAN socialism is not in particular favor with thinking men and women today. At the time of the breaking out of the war, as its leader Dr. Liebknecht feared, it did not stand to its guns and refuse to let its adherents join the

ranks of the soldiery. He objects to all war, and was outspoken in his objections to this present war, which he believed the German government "plotted to bring about in partnership with the Austrian government, thus burdening itself with the principal responsibility for its immediate outbreak". For publishing the present volume, quickly suppressed, he was put in prison, and is now shoemaking as a felon. He at least has been consistent. But his definition of Militarism is not one which would satisfy Americans, who know that the unrestricted demands of labor would bring upon us a despotism as abhorrent as any other class rule. By Militarism we mean the control of the army and the decision of war in the hands, not of the civil power, but committed to persons who are not responsible to the people. And his description of Navalism as showing "all the repulsive and vicious traits of land Militarism" is mere moonshine, seeing that we depend on our noble navy and sister navies to defend our honest seamen and fishermen at their legitimate peaceful pursuits. In hating German Militarism, good Dr. Liebknecht has got tangled up in his hates. *Militarism*, by Karl Liebknecht. B. W. Huebsch.

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## PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(Continued from page 28)

were also acceptably portrayed. Andrew Campbell as the Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn, gave a clever representation of the enervated scion of a noble house, although the character was slightly exaggerated. Mr. Brown and Miss Sterling were excellent foils to one another, and his imperturbability matched her girlish sweetness and impetuosity most charmingly. The Community Players expect to give their succeeding plays at the Savoy Theater, Pasadena, and arrangements are being made to have the plays produced every evening after the preliminaries are arranged for with the Savoy management.

WHEN Mary Anderson, then in her teens and a mere girl, came up from Louisville to enact Shakesperian roles, there was much scoffing and incredulity. But those who saw her in her first appearances were indelibly impressed with her powers as an actress. In Helen Hayes, who appears in the title role in "Pollyanna" at the Mason Theater on December 10th, the American stage has found another youthful actress in a different line of stage art, whose talent has compelled the same instantaneous recognition. "Pollyanna" is the embodiment of smiles and tears—the rainbow above the vanishing storm. Her emotional powers are remarkable, and her audiences everywhere have been charmed with her really rare powers of interpretation. Her appearance is looked forward to eagerly, from the universal praise accorded her.

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great Princeton President, was born on the banks of the Bonnie Doon and was educated at Glasgow and Edinburgh universities. The writer of this review, hailing, as these two notable Americans did, from the same localities and the same alma mater, has enjoyed the testimonies to the worth of the men. Witherspoon was a hearty republican. When a delegate to the Continental Congress asked him whether he considered the colonies ripe for independence, he answered, "In my judgment, Sir, we are not only ripe but rotting". *The Story of Princeton* by Edwin Norris. Little, Brown & Co.



**MRS. ANITA M. BALDWIN**

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Presbyterian institution was John Witherspoon, a born leader of men, the only clergyman on the Continental Congress. A sturdy Scotchman from the Lothians, educated at Edinburgh, he was minister of the Laigh Kirk in Paisley when called to his new sphere of influence across the Atlantic. The author is hardly fair to Paisley when he says that Witherspoon was "minister of the flourishing church at Paisley", as there were many churches, High, Low, Abbey, Relief, in that busy weaving community. James McCosh, another

NEW editions of Joseph Conrad's story, *Lord Jim* will contain a new preface, which is one of a series Mr. Conrad is writing for a number of his works. These comments by the great Polish-English author will be followed by another preface in *Youth*, the novel which H. L. Mencken, the well known critic declares was greeted with a "chorus of approval that was almost a roar; all sorts of critics and reviewers, from H. G. Wells to W. L. Courtney, and from John Galsworthy to W. Robertson Nicoll, took a hand".

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## PLAYS AND PLAYERS

TWO singing girls at the head of an Orpheum bill must be exceptionally fine and unusual or they never would headline a program at that theater. So, when it is announced that Nellie and Sara Kouns are toppling at the Orpheum the week of December 10, it must mean something. And it does—for these two girls, plucked from obscurity less than a year ago, have been a real sensation in eastern vaudeville houses ever since they appeared unheralded at the Palace, New York, and created a furore. Another feature in the new bill is offered by Miss Jean Adair, who has a big reputation as a character actress despite her youth. Miss Adair will appear in an exceptional play, "Maggie Taylor, Waitress," which has a strong vein of pathos as well as much comedy. Paul McCarty, elongated edition of a matinee idol, and Elsie Faye, have combined this tour in a bit of airy persiflage, "Suicide Garden"—which isn't what it seems. Harold DuKane, has put dancing back on the vaudeville map, with June Edwards and Olga Marwig, two lovely girl partners; and Roland Travers, the illusionist, makes you believe what you know can't be done. Trixie Friganza, with Melissa Ten Eyck and Max Weily in a new dance series, remains, as do Aveling and Lloyd, and Tower and Darrell.

QUIET a good sized audience assembled at the Mason Opera House Tuesday night to see the Isadora Duncan company and hear "her symphony orchestra of sixty pieces." The company consists of Miss Duncan, her orchestra leader and probably a property man—altho I very much doubt the latter. With the rest, I went to see the company, hear the orchestra she brought and get a terpsichorean and musical entertainment quite out of the ordinary. It was! What I saw of Miss Duncan was quite satisfactory—and probably would have been more so fifteen years ago. She has quite a good understanding. Miss Duncan was rather a pioneer of modernized classic dancing—before more than one simple drapery was a necessary adjunct—an accomplice before and after the fact, as it were. The opening number was three slow movements from Schubert; the second was the Tchaikovsky Pathetic symphony and closing with a rather stationary March Slav and the Marseillaise. Miss Duncan was the "whole show." Her dancing was largely what we know as pantomime—bodily expression of emotion. There was little of ordinary dancing—only an occasional run around the stage, in the way of keeping up the circulation, as it were. As an example of a school, her performance was unexcelled; but as a two hour performance, it lacked variety and interest and was the poorest specimen of an evening's entertainment that has been offered the Los Angeles public in some years. Out of the forty-three men in the orchestra pit, forty-two were from Los Angeles, I am told. In other words, the Schubert and Tchaikovsky were thrown at the band unpracticed and the results were decidedly rough and unpolished. The trumpets blared their anti-German sentiments unchecked by any Tandlerian hand, the drums thundered defiance to any imported leader.

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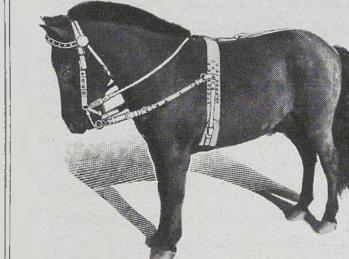
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- Situated that no dust, smoke or disturbing noise can penetrate its sacred precinct—no more perfect atmosphere for quiet repose.
- Outdoor sports and amusements on land and water, from Royal Polo, Yachting, Fishing, Swimming, Surf and Indoor Bathing, Motoring and Horse-Back Riding, to things suitable for children down to the tiniest tots.
- Hundreds of miles of splendid automobile roads leading from the grounds of the hotel along the beach, around the strand and into the back country, through orange-groves, fertile valleys, and on into the picturesque mountains.
- An excellent eighteen-hole Golf Course, and two splendid Tennis Courts are within a few minutes walk of the hotel.
- Open air school buildings and play-grounds with competent instructors with courses in Domestic Science, Manual Training, Dancing, and a Kindergarten employing the Montessori System.
- The Government Aviation School on North Island is nearby, where flights may be witnessed daily, and nowhere in America can aviation be seen to such advantage.
- And just across the Bay is the City of San Diego, with the architecture of the late Exposition standing out against the blue sky.

*The Hotel del Coronado is conducted on the American plan. It is located at Coronado Beach, California, and is reached by train from Los Angeles, and by boat from all Coast points. Hotel representatives meet all trains and boats*

## The Oldest Highway in America

Through the heart of Arizona's  
mysterious wonderland.

### The Apache Trail

120 miles of ever-changing panorama, by automobile — no more interesting or picturesque trip on the continent.

#### EXCURSION FARES

City Office 212 W. 7th Street.  
Station, 5th and Central Ave.  
Information Bureau, Day and  
Night Phone Service — Pico  
2000; Home 60641.





# J.W. Robinson Co.

Seventh and Grand

THE spirit of Christmas should not be restricted. Good impulses should not be stifled, but, rather, exercised, in these days of new conditions. But by giving useful presents we will be serving our friends, our country and ourselves.

## SOME USEFUL GIFTS

### Gloves and Glove Orders

Gloves always have been "good gifts". They specially so this year. Trefousse Gloves, from France, embody the spirit of the Republic and the best of Christmas—and they look and wear better than any others. Priced \$2.

Other Trefousse Gloves at \$2.50, \$2.75 and \$3. Valliere, Washable Gloves, Kid Gloves, with P. K. seams.

We have Children's Gloves in ALL SIZES, even for babies.

First Floor

### Blankets, Auto Robes, Comforts

All-wool Blankets, 72x84 in., with pink, blue and yellow borders at \$12 a pair.

Comforters, filled with lamb's wool, and covered with silk—in pink, blue, rose and yellow, \$12.50 and \$15.

Although the prices on Auto Robes have gone up, we bought early, a stock sufficient for the winter, and have not raised our prices. You get a good robe, in nearly every color to match car or upholstery, for \$10.

Steamer Rugs, in the inimitable Scotch plaids from \$9.

Second Floor

### Men's Shirts, Ties, Robes

Men's Wool Bath Robes, in colors that men like and women admire, \$5 to \$15.

Lounging Robes in Silk and Wool.

Pullman Robes in light weight silk and wool. John Drew Coats of Liberty Silk in Persian patterns.

Smoking Jackets in wool, brocaded silks and velvets.

Ties, of Italian, Swiss, English, American and Japanese Silks in designs and patterns characteristics of all countries.

FIRST FLOOR

First Floor

### Traveling Bags

Genuine Seal Travelling Bags, silk lined, sewed frame, reinforced covers. Size 18 inches.

Special \$24.75

Fitted suit Cases for women and for men, in cowhide, seal and walrus leathers, silk or leather lined, fitted with ivory or ebony; some lined with moire silk, some with rich brocades in rose, pink, blue and other colors.

Special, \$19.75.

First Floor

Or any of these would be good—

Table Cloths  
Handkerchiefs  
Silk Petticoats  
Silk Hosiery

Silk Underwear  
Stationery  
Toilet Requisites  
Umbrellas

Fur  
Sweater  
Blouse  
Suit

—And for  
Children—  
of course—  
TOYS—

Bailey